

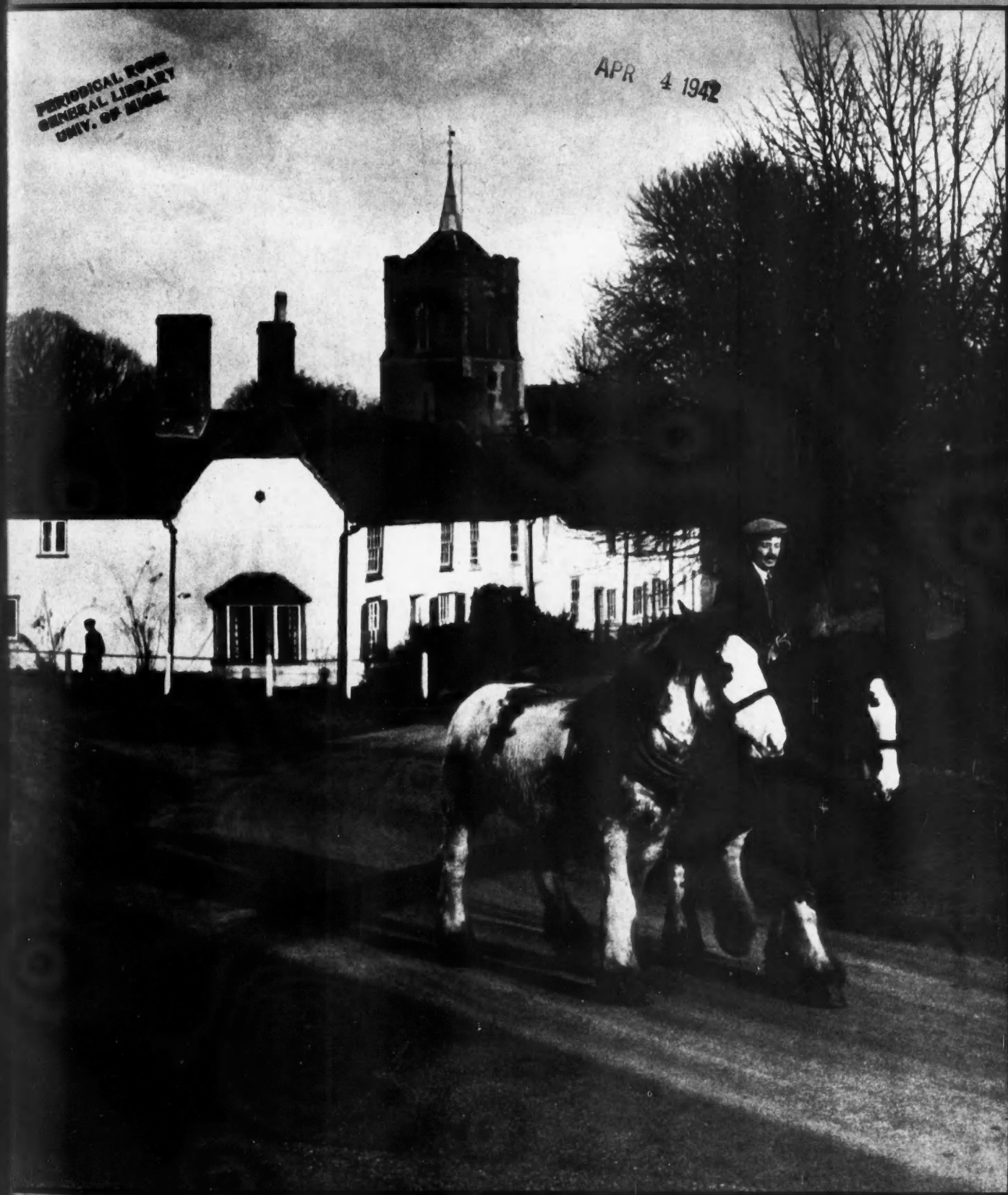
SPRING GARDENING NUMBER

# COUNTRY LIFE

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FEBRUARY 27, 1942

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## GARDENING

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## GARDENING

## MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK

**I MAKE** no excuse for again reminding my readers of the importance and urgency of growing more fruit.

Recent events in the Far East will mean that our ships from those great fruit-growing countries, Australia and New Zealand, will have to face greater hazards than ever and it is surely the duty of everyone to relieve them from carrying food to us which we can and should produce ourselves.

I can still supply fine quality fruit trees in all varieties and here are some special offers for present planting:

## CHAMPION EATING APPLE

By popular choice the most favoured apple for dessert is the COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN, and it is not, therefore, surprising to find a shortage of Apple Trees in this variety.

My stock has been specially conserved while the remaining quantity is not large, but I can still supply fine specimen Bush Trees.

Here is a Collection of 4 COX'S ORANGE Bush Apple Trees, splendid 3 year-old stock, covered with flower spurs for early fruiting, together with one Bush Apple Tree, JAMES GRIEVE, for pollinating; 5 Bush Trees in all, for 22/-, carriage paid; 5 Collections (25 trees) for £5, carriage paid. When ordering please mention "Bush Collection."

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS  
CONTINUED ON  
INSIDE BACK COVER



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCI. No. 2354

FEBRUARY 27, 1942



*Harlip*

## MISS ELIZABETH HAMBRO

Miss Hambro is the daughter of Captain A. V. Hambro, M.P., and Mrs. Hambro of Milton Abbas, Dorset, and is shortly to be married to Captain Bryan Cosmo Bonsor, R.A., eldest son of Sir Reginald Bonsor, Bt., and Lady Bonsor of Liscombe Park, Leighton Buzzard

# COUNTRY LIFE

## EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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## VEGETABLE DISTRIBUTION

THE crisis over farm prices seems to have been averted, leaving some farmers satisfied, some lukewarm, many disappointed, the Treasury convinced of its own generosity, and Mr. Hudson still in office. Now another crisis seems to be approaching, this time over garden produce. Distribution during the past twelve months has aroused much criticism. The ordinary householder has, for example, been puzzled by the freakishness of onion supplies. In many districts they were unobtainable over a long period; in others they appear to have been available in largish quantities through unregistered channels. He has been puzzled too by the fact that although there was a glut of carrots, there were wide variations in prices. That dissatisfaction has been felt by growers as well as consumers is shown by the inauguration a few months ago of a National Growers' Association, a breakaway from the National Farmers' Union. Special interest therefore attaches to a defence of the National Vegetable Marketing Company delivered at a meeting of the Farmers' Club on Monday by its chairman, Mr. W. P. Spens, K.C., M.P. The Company is a central purchasing and marketing body set up by the Ministry of Food, and Mr. Spens made an effective case on its behalf. He made no attempt to underestimate the severity or the volume of the condemnation which has been met in certain quarters. Most of it has come undoubtedly from grower-retailers; and Mr. Spens said quite candidly that he thought "unfair and unwarranted" a good deal of criticism which the Company had received from "the section of the growing community interested in selling their own produce direct to the public." Onions and carrots were the two commodities which the Company was forced to control by purchase and distribution. The onion problem was one of scarcity due to the cutting off of foreign supplies and the worst of weather conditions. If equitable distribution of the perishable crops available were to be secured, supplies must obviously be strictly canalised, including, of course, those of the grower-retailer. This was carefully explained, and Mr. Spens maintained that any breakdowns have been due not to lack of method or guidance on the part of the Company but to deliberate non-co-operation on the part of certain growers. The carrot problem was one of glut as opposed to the onion shortage. A bumper crop was the result of the Government's appeal to the farmers and of its guaranteed prices. The Company met the situation by a policy—clearly in the national interest—of stimulating demand, providing plentiful stocks in all consuming areas and of voluntary control

by retailers. Grower-retailers were exempted from obligation to sell to the Company and cannot now complain on that score. The complaints are that the Company did not immediately take up, and market at once, the bulk of the carrot crop, and that to-day a large unusable surplus of carrots is left. Mr. Spens's reply is that, in spite of inevitable delays, the Company provided not only the guaranteed prices but an assured market when required. As to the "unusable surplus," it is going to be used.

## PLANNING DORSET

APPREHENSION is naturally felt by the more rural counties lest, when the official "National Plan" comes to be made, they may find themselves scheduled to yield cherished areas for uses deemed desirable on national grounds, at the expense of their agricultural character. A demographic survey—a fact-recording blue print for the National Plan—is already being prepared unofficially, though with the cognisance of the central planning authorities, by the 1940 Council in collaboration with the School of Geography of London University. Counties exercised about their future may think fit to follow the commendable initiative of Mr. George Clark, planning consultant for large areas of Dorset, in making contact with these experts during this lull in building and planning activity. They will thereby be materially forwarding the National Plan and making sure that their interests receive early consideration. Mr. Clark's memorandum on Dorset, for example, demonstrates the county's dependence on the prosperity of agriculture, its unsuitability for any but local industries, and its need for stronger planning powers than those available under the 1932 Act (with its crippling compensation clauses) if promiscuous development, especially of the coast, is to be properly controlled. The whole future of a county may well be determined by the planning Region to which it is allotted by the National Plan. Provisionally the Civil Defence Regions have been adopted for the demographic survey. These have not necessarily any relevance to the factors essential to a county's place in the National Plan. Few will dispute, for instance, that Dorset's traditions and interests are bound up with Somerset, Devon and Cornwall, which Mr. Clark visualises as forming, with Dorset, a homogeneous South-western Region with Exeter as its regional capital. Yet he elicited that Dorset is at present regarded as grouped for planning purposes in the Southern (Civil Defence) Region. On such a vital issue as regional grouping no county can afford to delay making its own preference known early.

## PRAYER FOR THE OLD

*IN this war-changing world,  
We see no more  
So many gracious things and ways  
We loved before.*

*When we are young and strong,  
The tale's untold.  
O Life deal tenderly with those  
Who now are old.*

*Leave them warm fires, soft lights,  
Rose-patterned chintz,  
And shining silver still; with these  
They've lived long since.*

*Leave them their flowers, waxed woods,  
Their dignity;  
And leaving what they love, take what  
You will from me.*

FREDA HARGREAVES.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

A NATION with sound moral and intellectual training can always regenerate physical conditions when means are available; but one sunk in material mediocrity may lose even the skill to maintain that, let alone recapture a true scale of values. This is the basic justification for the overhaul of our whole educational system immediately the war is over, and for deciding now on the means and aims, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury stressed the main points in the recent Lords' debate. These are the raising of the elementary school leaving age to 15, compulsory

continuation courses up to 18, smaller classes and less cramming for examinations to ensure more genuine education. In effect, a closer approximation to the public school system, which Dr. Lang described as "incomparable for citizenship." This point has been amplified by Mr. M. L. Jacks and subsequent correspondence on a "plan for education" in the *Spectator*. The point at issue, Mr. Jacks argues, is not "the future of the public schools" but the future of the educational values that they enshrine. He visualises not a reduction in their number but, in effect, a great increase, with many secondary schools converted into boarding schools, at least for boys between 16 and 18; and many existing public schools reorganised on the same basis. His main point is that the community sense, responsibility, Christian values and intellectual traditions which distinguish the residential public schools must, so far from being legislated out of existence, be extended to all schools.

## THE HOME GUARD'S THIRD YEAR

IT is intended to repeat the COUNTRY LIFE Home Guard Miniature Rifle Competition this year, as well, of course, as the Public Schools Competition. Quite apart from the encouragement it gives to routine shooting, and the desire of most teams to show that they can "do better next time," there are the large number of recruits to be trained in marksmanship. By the summer the Home Guard will have considerably grown in strength. Resignations before the new conditions of service came into force amounted only to 40,000, or 3 per cent., and few of these came from men simply unwilling to serve. The exploit of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisau* was a vivid reminder of the realities that the Home Guard exists to face. The most part of the resignations is accounted for by abstentions becoming effective from men who, owing to age, occupation, or illness, have long been on the reserve strength. The gaps must already have been more than filled by accessions under compulsory service, and, as the "comb-out" gathers way, this number will continually grow. The number of resignations also includes men who for technical reasons have been required to resign in order to be re-enrolled under the new conditions. This chiefly applies to unpaid part-time A.R.P. personnel who, as recommended here recently, have been made available for recruitment in areas where the Home Guard is under strength, on condition that they are relieved of duty when required for A.R.P. When these men are already in the Home Guard, they have been required to resign in order to re-enrol formally under this new provision. In country districts, where the normal duties of Air Raid Warden are light, a large accession of strength is to be anticipated from those who have not been doubling the roles hitherto.

## PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

THE death of Mr. Felix Powell, the composer of *Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit Bag*, his brother George being the author of the words, reminds us how seldom justice is done to those who give us our popular songs. In his delightful broadcast the other day on the old music halls, Sir Max Beerbohm mentioned one who earned £365 a year by writing one song every day for a pound a song. Perhaps, he suggested, he had written *A Bicycle Made for Two*. This unjust oblivion into which popular song writers fall has now been at least partially remedied by the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Who wrote *We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do*? He gave a new word to our language and yet he was utterly forgotten until this invaluable dictionary told us that his name was G. W. Hunt. So it was with the immortal *Daisy, Daisy*, which we now know to be by Harry Dacre, "flourished 1892." Mr. Powell fared better, for the newspapers have properly paid tribute to a song which exactly met the case and deserved all its popularity. "I make a point of not lying awake," said the Duke of Wellington. "It never does any good." Mr. Powell and his brother said the same about worrying, and said it with a lilt and rhythm that were irresistible. This war has certainly nothing comparable to it, whether for marching or for cheerfulness,



# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IN connection with the ancient belief that it is unlucky to burn elder wood I recall an old country jingle, authorship unknown, which deals with the burning qualities, good or bad, of all the British trees. The main of the poem is the old-time saying: "ash when green is fit for a queen," or, as it is expressed in a very delightful poem on the subject which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* many years ago: "but ash green, or ash brown, is fit for a queen with a golden crown." The stanza of the jingle that deals with elder runs:—  
Make a fire of elder tree  
Death within your house you'll see.

There is in this part of the world among the elder folk the same belief about the elder bringing bad luck or death, but there does not appear to be any idea that it is connected in some way with the Cross. It is difficult to understand how this legend originated, as the elder does not grow in Palestine. I read in this connection in *COUNTRY LIFE*, the quotation from Sir John Mandeville by Mr. H. V. Morton, who has travelled extensively in that part of the world—in fact I have frequently followed in the steps of Mr. Morton. Sir John Mandeville states that the Cross was made of four different woods: cypress, cedar, olive and palm. Three of these sound very probable, but the fourth, palm, appears doubtful as in a palm tree there is no wood at all, and the trunk is only pith and fibre, while the branches, or *gerids*, are merely cane.

WITH regard to superstitions I imagine I adopt much the same attitude as nine men out of ten, and do not believe in them for a moment—I would scorn to give credence to anything so primitive and ignorant. At the same time, just to be on the safe side, I will take quite a lot of trouble not to see a new moon through glass, and after looking at the moon, I like to meet a person with blue eyes. I never walk under a ladder if there is a way round; I have a rooted objection to sitting down 13 to a table; it worries me if a looking-glass is broken; and invariably I touch wood if I happen to make a remark which asks for trouble. In this connection the drawback to my car is that there is no wood in it at all—motor car manufacturers should take this deficiency into consideration with future models as a knob of wood on the dash board might save many smashes. I was saying boastfully to a friend the other day as I approached some cross roads: "I have had the benefit of the 'No Claims' bonus on my insurance for 15 years," when, crash! and an Army light car came over a "Stop—Major Road Ahead," crumpling a near-side wing and removing the bumper.

AS a child I recall a picnic party at Lulworth Cove, and in the midst of luncheon there was a discussion among the "grown-ups," followed by an uncomfortable silence. They had just made the unpleasant discovery that the assembled families numbered 13, and there was no means of adding to or reducing the number. About two hours later one of the small boys of the party fell over the cliff and was killed. I suppose the poor little fellow would have gone over just the same if we had numbered 12 or 14, but I think every member of that party of many years ago has a very vivid recollection of the incident and a very marked distaste for the number 13.

With regard to elders I have quite a number of these quick-growing trees on my piece of land, and, as they attract the starlings to the



E. W. Tattersall

BRAY IN BERKSHIRE, famous for its sixteenth century Vicar, Simon Alleyn, twice a Papist, twice a Protestant, but always "Vicar of Bray."

vicinity of the orchard in the autumn when these birds are better employed in the fields on wireworm consumption, these trees are cut down and rooted out whenever labour is available. I feel quite convinced of course that there is absolutely nothing in this belief about ill luck attending the use of the elder in the house as firewood, but all the same the trees are burned up on the rubbish heap and the resulting potash is used for the potatoes.

CAPTAIN DROUGHT'S very informative and useful article on pigeon-shooting falls on rather barren ground so far as this part of the world is concerned, for never in recent years have wood pigeons been so scarce. It is not easy to obtain news from other parts of the country, but in this particular corner of Dorset, Wiltshire and Hampshire it would seem that the Scandinavian migrant, who usually puts in an appearance about the latter end of December and stays with us until mid-February, has not arrived this year; and it would be interesting to hear if this state of affairs is general, or whether it is a purely local condition.

IT has been explained that pigeon-shooting this year has not been so successful as formerly as, owing to the far greater area of land under cultivation, the birds have a much wider choice of feeding grounds. There may be something in this view, but on the other hand at this time of the year one is always seeing huge flocks of pigeons on the move, particularly at about 11 a.m. when they appear to change their feeding-grounds, and again at 4 p.m. when they start coming in to their roosting quarters.

One regrets the paucity of their numbers on account of the part they play in helping out the meat ration, but on the other hand it is a very moot point if the actual food value of the birds shot in any way compensates for the great damage they do to crops at a period of the year when green-stuff is very scarce. The annoying side of pigeon-shooting is that in nine cases out of ten the birds provide the most excellent opportunities only when one has practically no cartridges remaining in the bag.

I RECALL one blustering January day when, expecting to find little or nothing on an over-shot syndicate shoot, another gun and I came across an isolated kale field on the top of a Dorset down which the pigeons had marked that day for complete devastation. The gale was sweeping over the top of the hill so that it was almost impossible to stand up against it, and the pigeons were coming in to their meal up

wind, flying a few feet only above the ground and taking advantage of the convex curve of the down to escape the full force of the wind. Crouching under the lee of a low stone wall on the windward side of the kale it was possible to obtain shots at the birds at a moment when they met the up-draught from the wall and, having to beat up against it, were not only practically stationary for about half a second, but were also within easy killing range. It was one of those very rare occasions when the cunning and long-sighted pigeon was not complete master of the situation, and when a quite moderate performer might have been in the position to adopt the attitude of the well-known shot who, when asked how many birds he had down after an evening's fighting, replied: "Count the cartridge cases." Everything in fact was set for a record bag, as the pigeons were most persistent and as thick as locusts, but—the other gun had only 10 cartridges in his bag, and I had 8! It is hardly necessary to add that when we arrived at the field the following afternoon with 100 cartridges apiece there was not a pigeon in sight.

I suppose there is some sort of moral to this story. Something to the effect that one should never go forth to shoot without an adequate supply of cartridges to meet with any eventuality, but, when one is marauding at the end of the season, on a one-in-three Dorset down, one does not carry more weight than is essential.

WHILE trawling in Poole harbour some years ago I had a course of instruction in the identity of the various flatfish, together with the considered opinion of the old fisherman as to their respective culinary qualities, and the opinion of a man who lives by fish, and on them, is worth having. After the true sole, which is of course easily recognised by reason of its peculiar shape and rough skin, he put the flounder, which has a smooth dark brown skin. The plaice can be identified by its red spots, but he classed this popular fish below the dab, which resembles it but has no red spots, and whose skin is rough. The lemon sole, which he graded at the bottom of the list, is a quite different shape from the real sole and has a light brown skin, and, as the fisherman said, no one should be taken in by it. The turbot, which he did not classify owing to its infrequency as a sizeable fish in his district, is distinctive, as it has hooks resembling cat's claws on its back. As, however, it is very much a question of taking what one can get these days, this information will not be of any great value during the period of the war.

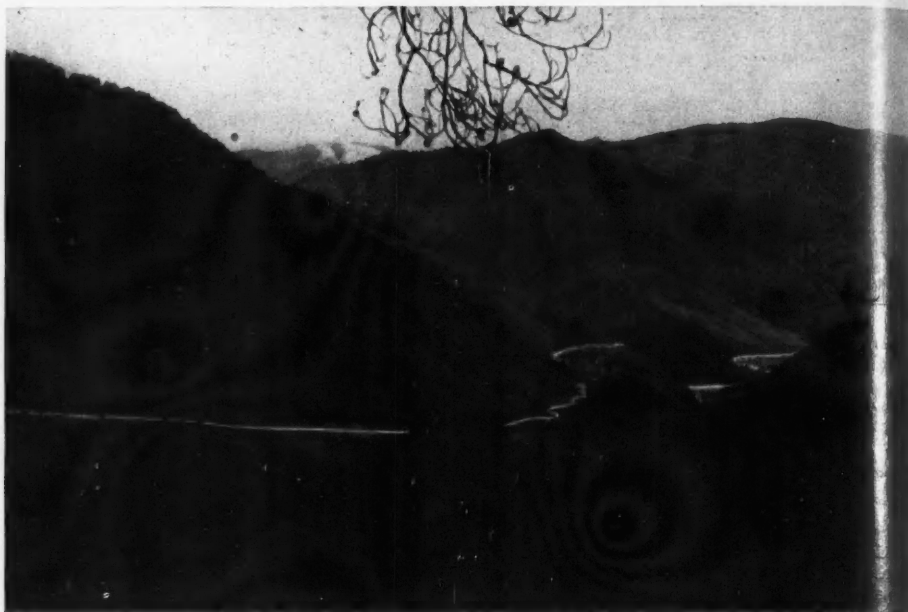
# BEYOND THE BURMA ROAD

By D. H. DE BEER

SOME months before the war I was one of six mountaineers who met in Rangoon *en route* for South-west China. We travelled from Myitkyina, the railhead in Northern Burma, but had we foreseen the present importance of the Burma Road, we should probably have tried to go that way instead. A young shipboard acquaintance, who had more curiosity about that almost mythical highway, left Rangoon some days before us for Lashio, the Burma end of the road, planning to follow it to Kunming (Yunnan-Fu). He reached his destination but had to travel on foot part of the way.

We went by train to Myitkyina, a straggling village on the Irrawaddy. Mules, ordered in advance, were on the far bank: we crossed the wide river in a big dug-out canoe. This primitive ferry was a fitting introduction to our journey across Yunnan, for we walked or rode the whole 400 miles to Likiang, near the Tibetan frontier.

It was the rainy season and large umbrellas were invaluable. In Burma we slept at good Public Works Department bungalows; in China our choice was wider but less inviting. Muleteers will never camp between villages, and we stayed in temples, schools and so-called horse inns. These last are for mule-caravans, and have one or more open courtyards, roofed along the sides. We shared these quarters with our mules,



THE BURMA ROAD, ABOUT 150 MILES INSIDE THE CHINESE FRONTIER



and in camp beds, with mosquito curtains well tucked in, felt fairly safe from insects and rats.

The scenery changed continually, but was always beautiful; farms, temples, villages and cultivation harmonised with the landscape and added to the natural beauty. The great rivers—Shweli, Salween, Mekong—separated by ranges over 8,000 ft. high, were very impressive, especially the Mekong. We crossed them by swinging chain bridges with plank footways, through the gaps in which we saw the swift yellow water beneath.

The point at which we crossed the Salween was 1,000 miles or more from the river's source in Tibet. The bridge was in two spans of about 80 yards each, anchored to a central pier built on a rock foundation. The Salween has the reputation of being very unhealthy, and no Chinese will live in the valley, which is much lower than the hills bounding it.

Flowers and trees changed with the scenery. I remember on the Burmese frontier tall meadow-sweet and a beautiful white and gold lily. Rhododendrons and roses had finished flowering; one or other bordered the path for miles. We saw a long-stalked edelweiss, begonias, orchids, primulas. There were huge walnut trees with good nuts; we bought peaches and pears and later delicious mandarins.

We saw few officials, but nearly every night the local magistrate inspected our passports. We were not allowed to take photographs at Tali, which swarmed with soldiers; nor of a bridge in course of construction on the Burma Road. Outside Pao-Shan (Yung-Ch'iang), a town midway between the Salween and the Mekong, we had our first view of the road; immensely significant as China's lifeline, yet outwardly just an ordinary metalled highway with a narrow track worn by mules down the middle. Ten cars had been there from Kunming, but none through to Burma. We left it after a mile or so, but rejoined it a few days later, and remained on it to Hsia-Kuan, about 50 miles.

The country was wild and scantily populated, with forest-clad hills, steep-sided valleys, rushing streams. The road went through, built up here, quarried out there, always wide and well graded, a tremendous undertaking. As well as great engineering skill, it required practically unlimited labour, for we saw no road-building

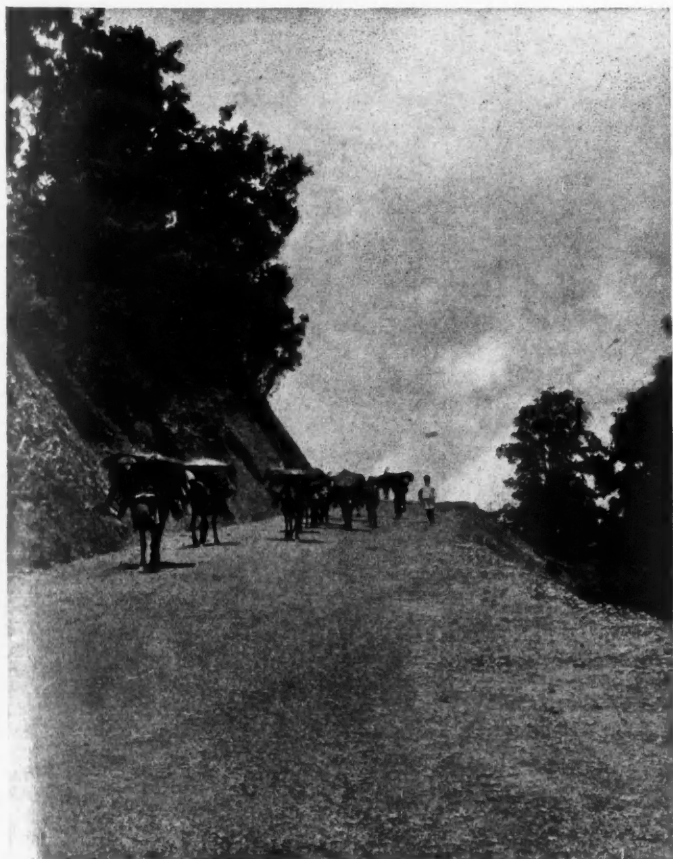
(Centre) Where we joined the Burma Road. Notice the mule track

(Left) A new bridge near Huang-Lien-Pu. The Road here turns sharp right





FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES THE BURMA ROAD RUNS THROUGH WOODED VALLEYS SUCH AS THIS  
Further into the interior the trees change to pines and the vegetation becomes more scanty



OUR MULE CARAVAN NEAR YANG-PI



THE ZIG-ZAG ROUTE DOWN TO YANG-PI



THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF YU-LUNG SHAN, MORE THAN 21,000 ft. HIGH, AS SEEN 20 MILES AWAY

In the foreground the roofs of Likiang, and in the middle distance a disused fort

machinery. We were told it had taken nine months to make and we wondered how some of the embankments, which obviously had not finished settling, would stand heavy traffic.

Gangs of men, women and children were repairing wash-outs. They looked miserably poor, with torn and muddy clothes, and some had goitres. The Government gave rice and each village had to provide so much labour. In places the side of the road had a rough mosaic of large white pebbles set in darker stones, indicating which village had made that section.

The road branches at Hsia-Kuan, a rapidly growing town at the southern end of the Erh-Hai Lake. The main highway goes to Kunming and thence to Chung-King. We turned left along the western side of the lake and followed the branch road to Tali, an old walled town, once ruled by Kublai Khan. There are a few stretches of made road between Tali and Likiang, but they need connecting together.

Likiang, where we paid off our muleteers, is a pleasant town, frequented in the autumn by Tibetans, come to trade. We stayed there with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, the kind Pentecostal missionaries, who helped us in countless ways. Yu-Lung Shan, the mountain we hoped to climb, was visible 20 miles away. Several Europeans had visited it, among them that distinguished botanist, the late George Forrest. Professor I. A. Richards, of Basic English fame, and his wife, had failed in a sporting attempt to climb it, but were successful with its neighbour, Ha-Pa Shan, north of the Yangtze.

Yu-Lung Shan is a formidable massif of over 21,000 ft., consisting of several peaks, seamed with glaciers and bristling with jagged limestone ridges. To succeed in making the first ascent of such a difficult and little known mountain would have been great good fortune. We did not succeed, and during eight weeks of exploration discovered no route offering a reasonable chance of success. Our two guides, first-class mountaineers from New Zealand, were not easily discouraged, but bad weather prevented a complete survey. Indeed, the weather was contrary from beginning to

end: a late finish to the rainy season hid the summits, then an early snowfall plastered the rocks with dry powder snow, and after that the winds began.

The base camp (12,000 ft.) was in a meadow set about with peonies, roses, delphiniums and monkshood. Below it the plain, an old moraine, was dotted with pines; above them came a belt

of rhododendrons and deciduous trees. Our camp was at the upper limit of this belt, near a spring. Firs began above and then a dense growth of small bamboo, then more rhododendrons and azaleas. The flowering shrubs were over when we went there, but pale blue gentians literally carpeted any marshy ground, and the autumn foliage was gorgeous; pheasants vied with us in gathering the peony seeds. There were larkspur and blue poppies, soon buried under snow, higher up on the shingle below the glaciers; likewise fossils, which I postponed collecting until too late.

We climbed to above 18,000 ft. at several points, including a rock peak of 19,000, and planned further climbs, but the weather drove us down before we could attempt them. Meanwhile, autumn had changed to winter. The behaviour of snow-laden plants is interesting: a pine gives a sudden shake and down comes a great shower-bath, while the bamboo, bent double, suddenly straightens up with a gentle sigh, as if a hand had freed it.

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On our return to Tali we were thrilled to see two small lorries, almost the first through traffic from Lashio in Burma. Our bus journey from Hsia-Kuan to Kunming (277 miles) took two and a half days in a converted lorry. The driver and two youthful mechanics sat in front; the passengers, three slim Chinese and two broad Europeans (the others had gone ahead), squeezed behind; ammunition cases filled the remaining space. This part of the road had been in use for a year or more and workpeople were widening corners and replacing wooden bridges with stone. We passed some aerodromes but no large towns, and halted well before the early winter dusk, for fear of bandits.

Now that the Burma Road is made, I suppose travel in the traditional manner with a mule caravan will become a thing of the past. A pity, because the romance compensates for the discomforts and hardships: for there is romance in the early start, often by starlight, and in the day's journey through a landscape like some Chinese scroll painting, ending with the arrival at dusk in some quiet village.



BRIDGE ON THE OLD CARAVAN ROUTE ACROSS THE MEKONG

Only four mules are allowed on the bridge at one time



# BETTY OF THE QUIET EYES

AN INTERLUDE OF PEACE · By PAMELA HINKSON

INTO a world from which our joys have been stripped one by one came Betty, and we did not know that day, when we first inspected her, that she was to give us back a world lost 20 years ago for some—never known for others. Betty, no higher than 13 hands, light chestnut in colour, a rough tawny mane, a mouth as soft and sensitive as silk—she was beloved and tenderly treated by her former owner—boundless energy and spirit combined with never-failing sweetness and the absence of a single nasty trick, has been for one of us more than a key to a lost world, a key to a new life for body and spirit.

She came in, swollen out at first from grass, to do all the things once done by the now laid-up car. She goes to and from the mile-away country town, trotting with an air of dash up the narrow street, visiting outside shops and bringing home the supplies; food, bags of flour, food meal, the laundry basket and all the rest. There is a primitive satisfaction about Betty's loaded trap, homeward turned, which was lacking from the well-filled car of other days. In August she brought home the hay, piled high on the borrowed float, imparting a grace and spirit to the performance. She is a woman of any world, at home in farmyards where the dogs may sniff about her heels, safe from any danger of a kick, hens fly past her quiet eyes, the cats, who are her friends, lift themselves to smell her soft nose and receive an answering sympathy; and she has adapted herself at once to a changed world of macadamised roads and motors and tractors and lorries, none of which disturbs her. Driving her—to distant farmhouses in search of eggs, to the station to speed or meet a guest—one is deep in and part of a world which one saw only as a lifeless picture, from the windows of a car and somehow missed too from a bicycle, perhaps because one's eyes were weary. Perhaps it is that Betty's company is a key. So in August I saw the station-master's phloxes, his dahlias later, bright and lovely against the grey station buildings, which I had never noticed before; a long cottage garden beside the road in which every bright aster and carnation introduced me to the unseen owner, obviously a passionate flower-lover.

## ON THE ROAD

"One forgets," a car-owner says, "that ponies think!" There is the turning of the little head towards a road we took last time, the strip where she will suddenly try to gallop, the rise or fall of the living earth, imperceptible to our dulled eyes, where Betty must walk carefully, saving herself going up-hill and being cautious going down. There are the corners that she takes with dangerous swiftness, the adapting of her driver's mind to the size of the trap, the remembrance of gate-stones, and so on. One is never alone since two communicating minds make this journey. Letting Betty take her time one keeps pace with the foot passengers. Returning from the station one meets a young man, a leather case clutched under his arm, running with flying hair to catch the train which one can hear getting up steam. If one turned Betty round to give him a lift, with the delay of that he would be no nearer catching his train. One watches him go with time for sympathy and curiosity. What does he carry in the leather case—important papers? Probably only the documents of a commercial traveller. An old countryman walks beside her as one goes home up-hill. He talks of the harvest and its prospects, the weather and what it will mean if it holds.

In a country where the driver or rider of any kind of horseflesh—even 13 hands high—has no breeding and still too fat for her shafts—has miraculously every man, woman and child—friend, the land springs to life as one travels. Figures that were only figures when I

journeyed in other ways are now warm and living, their lives and mine closely linked and bound. A man runs from his drink in the tiny public house in a village street to call: "Your trace! Your trace!" that being twisted. He straightens it and smiling at me sends me on my way.

It is as a saddle-horse that Betty shows the most exquisite of her infinite variety, and in that capacity she has given me riches of eye and mind and spirit such as I had not thought to possess in to-day's world. I had lifted my considerable weight across her after some doubts, only half removed by the assurances of the horse expert that she was more than able for it. She was. When I turned her



IT IS AS A SADDLE-HORSE THAT BETTY SHOWS THE MOST EXQUISITE OF HER INFINITE VARIETY

on to the grass for her first canter, she took this with such joy that she might have been a hunter escaped from the plough to her true vocation and I could hardly hold her. It was the first of many such rides, before breakfast and again at evening after tea, during a period when it was possible for Betty to be only a saddle pony. The new life was for the dogs, too, who learnt to recognise the sound and sight of a saddle being carried across the yard.

In September we rode through stubble-fields, misty under the early sun. The hedges of the lane that led to them were then veiled with newly spun grey gossamers, to turn later to shining silver webs under the sun. Dove-grove is the appropriate name of the once considerable estate that held the cornfields, wide acres those days of gold, with deeper gold of the stooks against the stubble. An avenue runs through it, bordered with splendid beeches—green and copper—and chestnut and maple trees. Beneath them a long strip of grass makes a lovely galloping ground over which Betty goes all out, her little head below me moving apparently effortlessly through a magic world.

## BESIDE THE RIVER

Beyond the cornfields we came to the river bank and there would stand knee deep in meadow-sweet and iris spears to listen to the doves. Sometimes a wild duck flew over our heads or a pheasant whirled out of the trees. We heard the clock strike in the distant town, but no other sound than these and that of the cattle moving in the marshes disturbed a world which was ours alone. I said my morning prayers sitting on Betty on the river bank and have never said them better. Our evening rides were mellow, warmer, less mysterious, not less magic. The gate opening to let us in to our kingdom had a different sound from that cold gate of the early morning when we were first to wake it from its sleep.

I have seen the country from her back as I have never seen it before, even from another horse—which was always the magic key.

Riding across a field or through woods on a horse of more suitable size, is, in comparison with the same way taken with Betty, similar to seeing the country from the windows of a big house as against looking from a cottage window when one wakes in the morning and the country is there outside—to touch. We passed a field of turnips shot through with bright mustard weed—a little above us on a slope, so that the lovely yellow was level with Betty's galloping head. I had never seen wild mustard before. Looking down from her at the stubble-fields, I am close enough to discover every detail that gives the whole its red-gold. The fire that lights the gold is caused by a tiny, creeping, bright scarlet-leaved weed that grows profusely between the corn. While Betty walks and I dream—and life, for this interval, is all that it was meant, surely, to be—I see and hear the scamper of many tiny frogs before her approaching feet, although there is no water near. Harvest frogs, a countryman tells me, are thick in the stubble at that season. And you can tell from their change of colour, from light to dark, if rain is near.

From a lonely cottage, where once the big house stood, a friend comes to tell me of an avenue home through the woods, overgrown now, else I should have discovered it before, but still safe from rabbit-holes. He comes with me to open the first two gates, although that is not necessary since Betty has learnt skill with gates and is easy to mount and dismount if they prove difficult.

Betty in the woods shows another mood. The birds twitter, a pheasant flies across our path, a rabbit scurries in the ditch. From the fields beyond the green screen we hear a tractor humming. Betty, who as a trapper on the road shows no surprise at any sight or sound, lifts her head now, pricks her ears, glances with quick eyes to right and left. She has become for just a space a creature of the wood, in sympathy with all her wild sisters.

## TWO WARS

The other side of the woods we turn right again since the road gate of the unused avenue has long been locked and cross a stubble-field to join our original way. Out of the trees comes the gamekeeper, with the quiet movements of a man who has lived always in woods and fields. He stops to talk, although when I walked or drove a car we passed each other by. We talk of the harvest; he is trying to get what grains he can to keep his pheasants alive. And then with the gold evening light drenching us, we talk of the latest news from the Mediterranean.

"A lovely sea," he says. He saw it on his way to the Dardanelles where he got his first wound in the last war. His second he got three weeks before the Armistice, a bullet in his chest and one in his hip which causes him rheumatic pains in damp weather. And he was at Passchendaele.

Going home from my last ride on Betty before I returned to work and the world of to-day, I have thanked the gods for this 13 hands of chestnut sweetness and spirit that has given me the only peace I have known for two years. Riding her or walking with her head against my shoulder I have had a companionship of dog and horse at once. These fields spread beneath her moving feet remain. They are of no one country and timeless. Parting from my gamekeeper with his two wounds, and riding home along the shadowy lane, I have had an illusion that it was not I who rode, but someone else, many years hence, who too has possessed these fields from a horse's back, and has perhaps heard tales from another gamekeeper of another war, far-off echoes, as strange as tales of Passchendaele and Suva, against this back-ground of husbandry in—God grant—a world of lasting peace.



1.—MAHOGANY AND GILT DAY-BED BY BENJAMIN GOODISON, 1740. Upholstered in green damask. Longford Castle.

## GEORGIAN CABINET-MAKERS

VI.—BENJAMIN GOODISON. By RALPH EDWARDS AND MARGARET JOURDAIN

**B**ENJAMIN GOODISON, whose activities almost coincide with the reign of George II, was at the Golden Spread Eagle, in Long Acre, in 1767, and supplied furniture to the Royal palaces between about 1727 and 1767. He was also employed by Thomas Coke, first Earl of Leicester and builder of Holkham. Attached to a bill for tables, stands, and a picture-frame is a letter from Goodison which says: "The Table for the Drawing Room is in forwardness, but I thou' your Lordship wo'd not chuse to have it finisht till the chairs and other furniture was done for it." There are carved and gilt tables and chairs at Holkham so strongly reminiscent of his style that it can scarcely be doubted they were made by Goodison. He

also supplied the brasswork on the great porphyry sideboard at Holkham, and charges an unexpectedly large sum "for the use of three chandelier Branch to burn lights in the Greenhouse on Mr. Coke's birthday" in 1740. He was also employed by the fourth Earl of Cardigan and his wife for furnishing Deene Park in Northamptonshire and Dover House in London. The accounts, which date from 1739-45, include chiefly picture-frames, small items, and repairs. In January 1741 he supplies "a carved and gilt dolphin table frame to match another." In that year, too, he also supplies a new glass and allows for an old glass recording in his bill that he is "above two pounds a loser."

The first and second Viscounts Folkestone bought between 1736 and 1775 for Longford

Castle what is now one of the finest collections of Georgian furniture; and its interest is increased by the existence of the purchasers' account books. The bulk of the heavier furniture for this house was supplied by Benjamin Goodison between 1737 and 1747. He was employed exclusively for furnishing the picture gallery, and the mahogany and gilt pedestals ranged along the wall are probably by him. The pair of pedestals of parcel-gilt mahogany (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, December 26, 1931), which are headed by a bust of Hercules bearing an Ionic capital and carved on the front panel with the hero's club and bow, are also probably by Goodison. The modelling of the busts is remarkably fine. Lord Folkestone was furnishing and decorating the gallery in 1739-40, and what he laid out in this room included

283yds. of green damask	... £160
Goodison	... £400

The total amount was £1,250.

On the evidence of this entry (in 1740) the seat furniture, consisting of a set of two day-beds, two long stools, and eight lesser stools, has been assigned to Goodison. The frames of this set are of mahogany with the carved detail parcel-gilt; the green damask upholstery passes beneath the fretwork on the seat-rail, which is applied over it. The gilt side-tables ranged against the wall (which are of two types, one having eagle-headed legs) may also be credited to Goodison. In his estimate of expenses, Lord Folkestone included £15 for three "marble tops" which probably refers to the slabs surmounting these tables. The disappearance of Goodison's name from the Longford Castle accounts coincides with the appearance of one "Griffith, Cabinet Maker," who had been his assistant.

At Hampton Court Palace several pieces can be assigned to this maker on the evidence of Royal accounts, notably the brass octagonal lantern headed by a Royal crown on the Queen's great staircase which cost £138 in 1729. Among furniture supplied by Goodison for the Prince of Wales's apartments were "three glass sconces in carved and gilt frames, with two wrought arms each, for the Prince of Wales." These small mirrors, carved with the Prince's plume of feathers, hang in the Prince of Wales's Room. The gilt stands "carved to m



2.—CARVED AND GILT TABLE, ONE OF A LARGE GROUP DIFFERING IN SIZE AND DETAILS, ATTRIBUTED TO BENJAMIN GOODISON. Windsor Castle



fashion" (Fig. 3), which were supplied at the same time, finish in female heads supporting an Ionic capital. A tall carved and gilt mirror (which was stored for many years at Kensington Palace and now hangs in Buckingham Palace) was also probably made by Goodison for the Prince.

Among the items in his accounts for the Royal Family are a number of mirrors, carved and gilt tables and "frames," and parcel-gilt mahogany furniture. In these accounts the most important pieces recorded are the following:

*For the Prince of Wales's apartments at St. James's (1729-33)—*  
A large pier glass in a tabernacle frame gilt... .. £50

*For the Prince of Wales's Library at St. James's—*  
Two large mahogany bookcases with glass doors, brass pilaster mouldings and large brass handles ... .. £64

*For their majesties at St. James's (1733-40)—*  
For four carved and gilt ornaments over the chimney with Branches to do to hold china ... .. £30  
A carved and gilt table frame for a marble top with festoons and ornaments (1756) ... .. £13 15s.

A mahogany commode chest of drawers, ornamented with carving and wrought brass handles to do, and lifting handles (1758-59) ... .. £16 16s.

A feature of Goodison's existing work is the quality of the metal accessories, such as the scone arms in the mirrors from Hampton Court (Fig. 4), and in the Royal accounts "wrought brass handles" are several times mentioned.

(Left) 3.—GILT STAND BY BENJAMIN GOODISON, 1732-33. Hampton Court Palace.

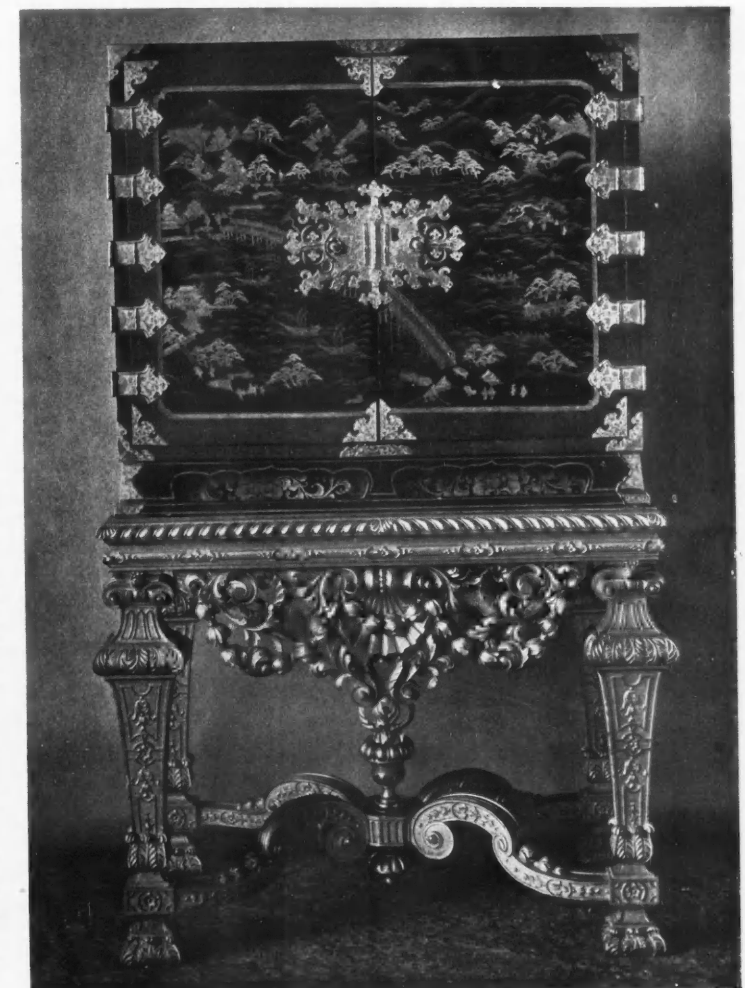
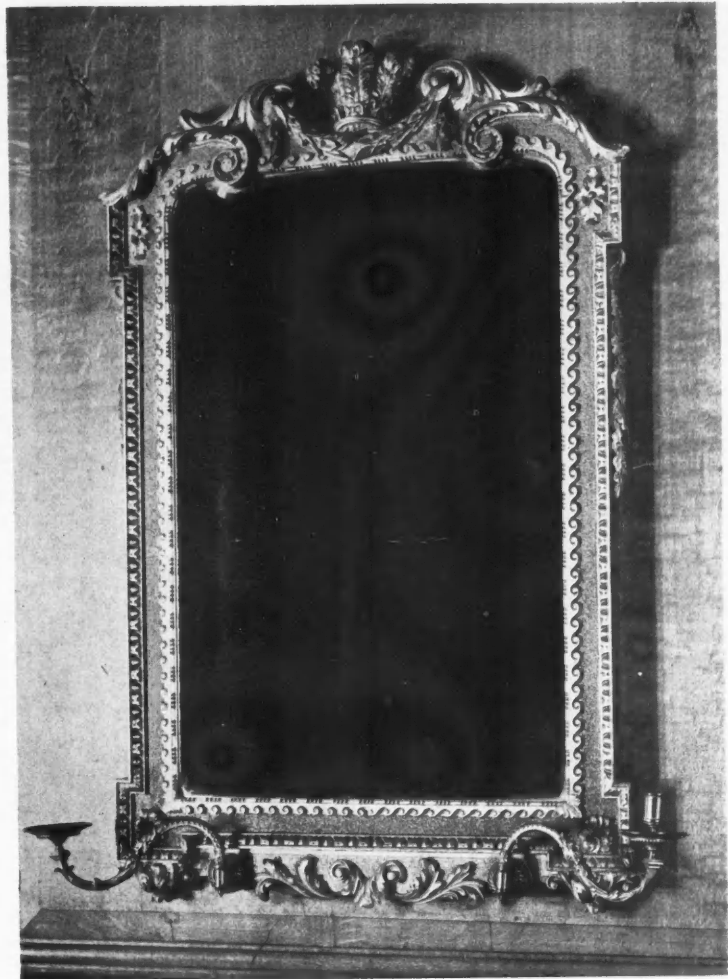
(Above) 4.—MIRROR IN CARVED AND GILT FRAME, 1732-33. By Benjamin Goodison, Hampton Court Palace.

(Below) 5.—JAPANNED CABINET, ONE OF A PAIR. The carved and gilt stand attributed to Benjamin Goodison. Windsor Castle.

Among the furniture supplied by Goodison to the Royal Family, the more important items were for Frederick, Prince of Wales, and several pieces are described as "richly carved," or "enriched with carving and gilding." In his will Goodison states that the Prince was "indebted unto me in a considerable sum of money."

The gilt stand to a Japanese lacquer cabinet at Windsor Castle is probably by Goodison, who supplies the Prince of Wales with "an India Cabinet, right old Japan, with a carved and gilt frame." At Frederick's death Goodison hung the mourning chambers with black, and in his bills at the Record Office there is a charge for the Prince's coffin. Goodison's will, which is dated May 29, 1765, was proved in December, 1767. He left two parcels of ground in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, with all the buildings thereon, to his "dear son Benjamin Goodison," to whom he also bequeathed his household effects and £8,000. This was about half his fortune, the remainder being divided among other members of his family and charity. The will is remarkable for the pious and devotional character of its phrasing.

The authenticated examples of this craftsman's work are boldly designed, with the ornament composed of large and simple elements. A favourite motif of his was long opposed acanthus scrolls centring in a shell, a crown or plume of feathers. On stylistic grounds it appears extremely probable that the carved and gilt side-tables and pedestals formerly at Devonshire House were supplied by Goodison. He must have had in his employment a skilled figure carver. Goodison was succeeded by his nephew and partner Benjamin Parran in 1767 (whose name appears among the Royal tradesmen between that date and 1783). An account in the British Museum of Goodison and Parran, cabinet-makers, for furniture supplied to the Duke of Newcastle must from its date (1769) refer to the younger Benjamin Goodison.





CARBERRY TOWER. THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE DRIVE

## THE GARDENS AT CARBERRY

By G. C. TAYLOR

THE belt of fertile country extending eastwards from Edinburgh to Dunbar and bounded on the north by the River Forth and to the south by the rolling hills of the Moorfoots and Lammermuirs is famous for many things besides its golf courses. Thanks largely to the beneficent soil and climatic conditions, East Lothian has long been famous for the high standard of its agriculture, and the market gardens of the district (the birthplace of the Musselburgh leek among other things) are no less renowned than the many well-managed farms which are unrivalled anywhere else in the country. An equally distinguished feature are the many country houses, now, unfortunately, dwindling in numbers, to be found both along the coast line and inland, and the several fine gardens, like those at Smeaton and Inveresk Gate (now, alas! shorn of much of their former glories and interests), Arniston, Yester, Hopetoun, Archerfield, Dalkeith, and the smaller but no less fascinating garden at Green Craigs, all well known in inner horticultural circles for the interest and beauty of their plant furnishing. Among them nowadays there are few more notable than the charming gardens at Carberry Tower, the picturesque home of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, at Inveresk, near Musselburgh, a few miles from Edinburgh.

The surroundings of Carberry and the house itself have undergone considerable change since the days when Mary Queen of Scots, after the escape of Bothwell, surrendered herself to the Confederate lords in June 1567, on Carberry Hill, which stands within the grounds. Although Carberry as a locality has its roots deep down in the centuries, the land being Crown property in the time of

Malcolm Canmore, little appears to be actually known about the place. According to Thomas Hannan (*Famous Scottish Houses*), it was not until 1541, when one Hugh Rigg, an Edinburgh advocate, was given a 19 years' lease of the property from the Abbey authorities of Dunfermline that there is any mention of a residence, which lends support to the belief that he it was who built the tower round

which the present house has taken shape. It is possible that there was an earlier house on the site belonging to John de Crebarrie, a tenant of part of the land at the end of the thirteenth century after whom the site probably derives its title, the name Carberry being a corruption of the older form Crebarrie.

History relates that the Tower remained in the hands of the Rigg family until 1659,



THE FORMAL SUNK GARDEN ON THE SOUTH FRONT  
The box-edged beds are gay with roses through the summer





A CHARMING VISTA OF THE HOUSE ACROSS THE POND, FRAMED BY GRACEFUL WEEPING WILLOWS AT THE WATER EDGE



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE LAKE IN SUMMER

The surface starred with water-lilies and the margins furnished with colonies of moisture-loving plants, irises, primulas and bold foliage subjects



#### A SPRING-TIME SCENE IN THE PARK

Many varieties of daffodils are naturalised in the grass

when it passed to Sir John Blair, and later, in 1689, to Sir Robert Dickson, of Inveresk, who sold it to John Fullerton, from whom the estate descended—through the marriage of his niece, Elizabeth Fullerton, to the Hon. William Elphinstone, the third son of the tenth Lord Elphinstone—to the present family, whose original home, Elphinstone Tower, is situated on what was until recently the adjoining property, but is now part of the estate of Carberry, having been purchased some years ago.

The first alterations to the house were

carried out about 1830, when the greater part of it was reconstructed and additions were made to the original tower. Under the present owner further changes have been made, particularly on the south front about thirty or more years ago, when a start was also made with the improvement and development of the garden, a process that was continued intermittently until the outbreak of the present war. In both their general layout and plant furnishing, the gardens are a happy blending of both the old and the new in garden design, absorbing the formality of the Victorian



#### THE SEQUOIA AVENUE

Planted about 1870

garden, with its box-edged parterres, into a wider conception where natural landscape has been given full scope.

The site, a well-timbered park notable for its many fine beeches, presented many opportunities for the practice of modern gardening, and Lord and Lady Elphinstone, both knowledgeable gardeners, have not been slow to take advantage of the existing features and natural beauties and form a garden that is in keeping with the place and provides a fitting surround to the ancient house. By a reticent treatment of the ground round the house, building and surroundings have been skilfully merged into one another. Sufficient formality is provided by the sunk garden on the south front, laid out in an intricate pattern of box-edged beds set in gravel and intersected with grass paths, round a sundial as a central feature, to give the house its proper setting and relate it to the surrounding park. In happier days, the sunk garden, reminiscent of some eighteenth-century parterre, presented a charming picture in spring and summer, when the beds were gay with multi-coloured polyanthus primroses, forget-me-nots, hyacinths, and other spring beauties, to be followed by summer bedding plants and roses for a later display.

A restrained furnishing of well-trained climbers and wall shrubs softens the hard lines of the building on the south as well as on the west, from which the house is approached. Here are to be seen many choice shrubs, several on the border line of hardiness, including several different species and varieties of *ceanothus*, such as *C. rigidus*, forming a dense green column, the well-known *Gloire de Versailles* and *Henri Defosse*, so lovely in late summer, *Sophora tetraptera*, *Buddlia Colvillei*, *Actinidia chinensis*, and the charming variegated *A. Kolomikta*, *Dendromecon rigidum*, *Celastrus scandens*, *Schizophragma hydrangeoides*, *Plagianthus Lyallii* and



#### THE SUNK AND WALLED GARDEN

A Victorian parterre of clipped-box edged beds set in paving



*Xanthoceras sorbifolia*, supplemented by wistaria, jasmine, many clematis, and roses.

To the south, from the formal garden and across a narrow strip of mown lawn, spreads a picturesque vista of the lake framed by two lovely weeping golden willows, with their rounded crowns descending to the water, and backed by a colony of tall and graceful birches, whose white stems, contrasting strikingly against a background of evergreens, afford the most charming reflections in the quiet surface of the pond. Noble benches on the outskirts enhance the view, with groups of ornamental shrubs and trees, among which *Eucryphia glutinosa* and *Cercidiphyllum japonicum* are noteworthy, while clumps of moisture-loving things like the Siberian irises and *Candelabra* and *Sikkimensis* primulas (which seed themselves freely), *Primula umbellatus*, and bold-foliaged gunneras, rodgersias, and saxifrages furnish the margins and surroundings of the lake, with a carpet of white, pink, crimson and yellow water-lilies and bog bean, affording many attractive and intimate incidents and adding to the charm and beauty of the general scene. There has been no attempt here at elaboration or the imposition of a grand design, which would have struck a discordant note in such a picturesque landscape. Rather have the features been taken which Nature had to offer and developed by sympathetic hands and enhanced by good gardening of exactly the right kind.

From the east end of the sunk garden a wide path leads through the park, gay with drifts of daffodils and fritillaries in the spring and early summer, and the blossom of many ornamental Japanese cherries, crab-apples and other flowering trees, and along the 200-yards avenue of Sequoia, planted about 1870, to the walled garden. Wide borders of shrubs skirt the walks and boundaries of the walled garden and the generous groups of barberries, cotoneasters, lilacs, various shrubby roses like



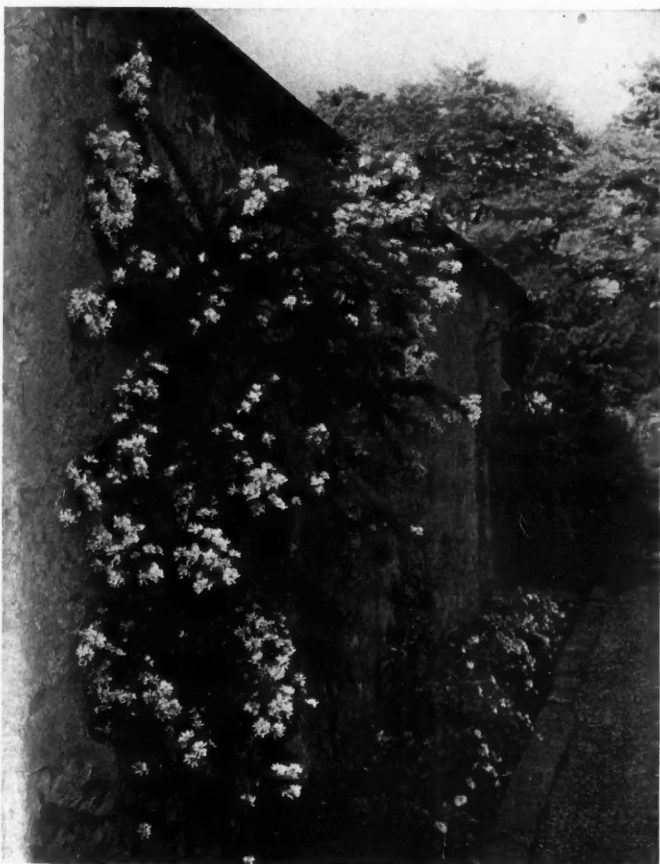
THE PAGEANT OF HARDY BORDER FLOWERS IN LATE SUMMER

*R.R. Moyesii*, *Fargesii*, *Hugonis*, *rubrifolia*, and the rest, forsythias, brooms, and philadelphus afford a rich festival of blossom and colour through spring and early summer. Hybrid rhododendrons planted about seventy years ago under the light shade of oaks, and now magnificent bushes some 12 to 15 ft. high, add to the beauties of the early summer pageant, flowering with abandon and growing with a will, notwithstanding that the soil is a heavy clay and impregnated with a certain amount of lime—the secret being that they were planted originally on raised mounds consisting of good loam, peat, and leaf soil.

Within the shelter of the walled garden, which affords the necessary protection from the cutting winds which sweep this belt of country, roses, herbaceous flowers, and many choice shrubs, generally regarded even in the south as being on the tender side, all find a comfortable home—the roses being laid out in a geometrical pattern of beds, with the hybrid polyanthas like *Karen Poulsen* predominating in the display, the hardy flowers being disposed in two long borders flanking a wide gravel path. A view through a circular arch in a cross wall presents a charming vista of the borders, which are planned, like those in so many Scottish gardens, to give their maximum show in late summer and early autumn, when phlox, asters, globe thistles, heleniums, *Artemisia lactiflora*, rudbeckias, aconites, *cimicifugas*, and other late-summer stalwarts provide the backbone of the display, supplemented

by clumps of various annuals filling in gaps along the edge. Elsewhere are borders filled with phlox and edged with a ribbon of catmint, with a background of rambler roses, presenting a most charming picture in late summer; while along the south wall outside the kitchen garden is still another border devoted to hardy flowers interspersed with ornamental shrubs. Close by is a fine example of a knot garden, a relic of olden days, with an intricate pattern of box-edged beds set in stone paving and surrounding a central ornament as a point of interest. In its proportions and detail and in the picturesque surroundings of shrub, tree, and wall, it provides an excellent example of the formal enclosed garden of long ago and a peaceful retreat filled with beauty and fragrance for quiet enjoyment and reflection on a summer's day. Along the south wall, many choice and lovely shrubs have been given a place, their planting being undertaken more in the spirit of adventure, which has, nevertheless, been attended with remarkable success, considering the latitude. Here the shrub connoisseur will find the beautiful golden-yellow-flowered *Adenocarpus decorticans* from Spain, somewhat reminiscent of a tall and rather gaunt gorse when in flower, the Himalayan *Piptanthus nepalensis*, *Fendlera rupicola*, *Chimonanthus fragrans*, *Buddleia Colvillei* and *Hoheria sexstylosa*. Last winter proved a testing time for the more tender among these, but most of them, including *Adenocarpus* and *Piptanthus*, although mutilated, appear to have survived.

In developing their garden at Carberry, Lord and Lady Elphinstone have made it a pleasure to live in and enjoy. As rich in charm and interest as it is in colouring and diversity of texture, it shows everywhere the right appreciation of the use of hardy flowers and shrubs in masses large enough to reveal them to advantage and in proper relation to their background and with regard to their cultural needs. Water and trees, grass and flowers all go to make the many charming pictures it presents through the seasons, but in all its fluctuations of beauty it is, perhaps never more lovely than in spring, when daffodils dance in the park, or in high summer when on the surface of the lake the leaves and blossoms of the water-lilies float gently at their moorings, sculpturesque in form and glorious in colour and enhanced by the reflections of silvery trees, blue sky and white clouds.



Photographs by R. A. Adam

THE GOLDEN-YELLOW FLOWERED ADENOCARPUS DECORTICANS FROM SPAIN

# IN THE PTARMIGAN'S ROCKY HOME

By C. ERIC PALMAR

**I**T was at 3,300ft. that I was arrested in my tortuous upward path by a series of quick, grunting croaks, recalling not a little certain notes of farmyard swine, that issued suddenly from the rocks above me. I scanned the place, first with my eyes, and then with glasses, but to no avail; jagged lichen-covered rocks, differing in no way from the others surrounding me, were all that presented themselves. Of life there was, apparently, none.

At length I continued my climb. After covering a score or so of yards, I had one of those dramatic surprises, so completely unexpected that they come almost as a shock, which one experiences from time to time in the wilds. One moment, save for the sounds and movements consequent upon my ascent, all was quiet and still; the next, with a roar of wings and an outburst of alarmed croaking, a covey of grey and white birds sprang up from the rocks almost under my feet and, flying right over my head, disappeared at breakneck speed down the steep mountainside. Such was my first encounter with the ptarmigan.

During the day I saw many more of the fascinating birds, which, however, behaved in a somewhat different manner from the first ones. Usually upon my approach one or two birds started calling spasmodically; as I drew nearer and nearer, so did the volume and frequency of the calls increase. These birds then ascended a rock, while the rest of the pack crouched below. Standing in full view on top, the birds on the rocks eyed my advance with mingled curiosity and alarm, casting comical glances this way and that, as though puzzled as to what I might be. Quite likely I was the first human being they had ever seen.

They would even look behind over their shoulders, away from me, seeking inspiration in that direction. But when the critical point was reached of alarm and curiosity, the former became the dominant factor, the croaking noise assumed a frantic nature, panic suddenly seized them and the whole pack leapt into the air, making a bee-line for some neighbouring peak with that swift partridge-like flight of theirs.

In few birds is protective coloration so well developed as it is in the tarmachan, to give the ptarmigan its Gaelic name. More than once, when but a stone's throw away, birds escaped my attention, even though I was using good field-glasses. The grey-pencilled, white-flecked plumage blended perfectly with the various shades of grey and brown of the rocky screes



(Above) PTARMIGAN ON ROCKS 3,300ft. HIGH

"Quite likely I was the first human being they had ever seen"



(Left) VIEWING MY ADVANCE WITH CURIOSITY AND ALARM

among which the birds live until such time as the snows of winter drive them lower down the mountains.

Of particular interest in this autumnal interview with the ptarmigan was the fact that some birds were a good deal whiter than others; these were more advanced in the assumption of the pure white dress of winter. Others still had little more white than in summer. One would think that these white parts would make the birds conspicuous, but, provided they remained crouching, it was amazing how they could be overlooked.

How much, though, do they need these protective tones! For in the eagle they have a deadly foe. In many localities ptarmigan, other than the eagle itself, are well nigh the sole inhabitants of those rocky barren wastes and windswept heavenward precipices for at least nine months of the year.

On my first visit to the high hills, made on a day when the peaks and pinnacles were partly clothed in mist, I saw no eagles, but I met with ptarmigan frequently. Yet during a second visit shortly afterwards, when the sun shone from cloudless skies, I saw far fewer ptarmigan, but as many as five eagles upon that same mountain.

This suggests that in a cloak of mist the birds feel secure and show themselves, rising fairly freely, but on a clear day, when, instead of sulking upon some inhospitable crag, the king of birds is soaring high in the blue—on such a day the tarmachan lie low. Such is the dread instilled by the eagle in the hearts of lesser creatures. But no less acute, I believe, is the eye of the tarmachan for the eagle than the eagle's eye for him.

The trait that some ptarmigan have of running to the top of a rock and viewing the approach of man from that point of vantage demonstrates clearly enough that their fear of him does not amount by far to that instinctive dread that they have for the eagle. At least it is a trifle difficult to imagine that they view the appearance of their great foe in any but a vastly different manner.



"IN FEW BIRDS IS PROTECTIVE COLORATION SO WELL DEVELOPED"  
The grey-pencilled, white-flecked plumage blended perfectly with the rocky screes



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# THE IMPORTANCE OF FEET

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

"FEET, Scotland, Feet!" shout a thousand patriotic voices at Murrayfield, as the forwards in dark blue jerseys tear down the field. How pleasant it would be to hear them again! I know not what brought them vividly to my mind, together with the exciting start from King's Cross and the long arrays of sleeping cars, and next morning's parade up and down Princes Street, with small boys in their tasselled caps to show that they too have fought not without glory and mean to play for Scotland some day. All this came back to me out of the blue, a sudden and beatific vision that must be resolutely put away for the present. As it faded it left behind it the more prosaic thought of how important and how characteristic are feet in all games and certainly not least important in golf. I am not thinking how sometimes they insist on pirouetting and sometimes they remain reasonably still throughout the swing. I am thinking of them rather before the swing begins. Do we not, even the humblest of us, have an occasional happy day when our feet seem to fall instinctively into their right places? Do we not have many more when we wriggle them this way and that without being comfortable and cannot for the life of us feel as if we were aiming where we wanted to go.

The holes that produce this sensation in its most virulent form always seem to me those at which there is nothing to do but keep down an avenue with nothing to carry and nothing to break the monotony of those rigid lines of rough on either hand. There used to be two—one now vanished and one altered—which always produced this effect on me. One—and I know I have said this before—was the old seventeenth at Formby, with an out-of-bounds fence on the right, and on the left rough country bordered, I think, by a ditch. There was the flag in the distance, some two full shots away, with nothing between us and it, nothing to do—how bitterly ironical it appeared!—but to keep down the middle. The other was the fifteenth at Woking, known as Harley Street. That hole has not superficially been changed, but in effect it has been and that very greatly, for the straight lines of the rough have been varied and at one spot there is a big curving—out of the fairway into the heather. The result is extraordinary; there is no difficulty nowadays in standing or aiming straight, and the shot is in no way more alarming than any other; which seems to show that this question of feet is largely an optical illusion.

If our own feet often look uncomfortable, how enviably and supremely comfortable by contrast appear those of great men as they stand up to the ball! All fine players have this quality in some degree, but there is something about the stance of certain of them that is particularly commanding. Vardon had this dominating and confident air to perfection; so, I think has Duncan and, of the more modern champions, so in my eyes has R. A. Whitcombe. Not only are their stances admirable, but they are wonderfully characteristic. Sam Weller told the fat boy a moral tale about the stout old gentlemen who "hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five-and-forty-years and if you'd put an exact model of his own legs on the dinin' table afore him, he wouldn't ha' known 'em." Whether or not we have reached that stage in regard to our own, we could be very sure about some of our friends' legs, if we saw them only from the knees downwards. There was Vardon, for instance, with that little movement on the right heel before grinding it into the turf, as if to make sure of its standing firm. I used by the way to know one golfer, not at all famous, who had something of the same trick in that, as he waggled, he would lift up his right foot and replace it with a resounding stamp. Also typical and unique was Mr. Hilton's address; first with his feet close together as he carefully faced the club to the ball and then spreading them gradually wider. Again there is Sandy Herd's right foot, dancing its way ever a little farther back when he is intending to get a shade more hook and with it

some more yards of run. In my mind's eye I can see whole picture galleries of feet more or less distinguished, and as for J. H. Taylor's large and formidable boots I feel as if I could pick them out on a Derby day.

A really sound, comfortable and consistent stance is, I believe, one of the rarest and most valuable of gifts, which should always find a place in the golfer's prayer. Of those epithets "consistent" is not the least noteworthy, because our feet are such impish and restless things, always breaking out into eccentricities if we let them. For one thing, according to Mr. Laidlay who had himself one of the most characteristic of stances, they are always trying to creep in and get too near the ball. For another, they are inclined to slew themselves round so that the right foot comes too far forward and the stance becomes too open. There may be those, no doubt, who are afflicted in the converse way, who unconsciously let the right foot slip farther and farther back, till at last they are hitting to square leg in the manner of the once celebrated Mr. H. A. Lamb. That is, I think, a much less common form of the disease and, for my own part, I know that my golfing life has been an ineffective struggle against a right foot crawling forward inch by inch. It is the harder to deal with because for a little while a markedly open stance feels very comfortable and produces sometimes excellent results; but the crash is sure to come and my goodness! when it does come it is a bad crash, and the player feels as if he has to begin golf all over again.

Neither is it only the man in the street that suffers from this complaint. I remember that somewhere in the writings of Mr. O. B. Keeler there is a story of Bobby Jones, returning home triumphant from winning an Open Championship and yet dissatisfied with his iron play. He betakes him to his earliest mentor and model at Atlanta, Stewart Maiden, who

watches him play a shot or two and then merely remarks, "Square yourself a little." The right foot goes back an inch or two, the stance becomes just a little more square and the ball "flies away on a ruled line." That small story confirms my belief that the danger of standing too open is much greater than that of standing too square, and it is one of the first things to look out for when after a break-down we are bent on an overhaul of our golfing system.

The position of our feet undoubtedly has a good deal to say to our putting; or is it perhaps only their position as it looks to us? I have never been able to make up my mind as to how far this is a matter of fancy. Sometimes it certainly is, and I may give as a small and absurd example the fact that for a long while I got it into my head that I could putt in trousers, but not in knickerbockers; my stockinged legs always had an intoxicated air on the green and would not aim at the hole. Mr. John Low, one of the very best of putters, thought that fancy played so great a part that on the days when he felt particularly confident of striking the ball he experimented by crossing his legs and continued, as he declared, to putt straight and cleanly. Nevertheless, I am sure that most of us do gradually and unconsciously change our stance on the green, very often in that same direction of standing too open, and that this has something to do with our bad days there. I believe, though I have never had the energy to do it, that it would be a good thing to have some kind of framework, founded on a spell of steady putting, into which we could fit ourselves in a bad spell. Lucky, perhaps, are those putters who have invented for themselves what may be called a "locked" stance, which cannot change ever so little without their becoming aware of it. Mr. Eustace Storey is the best example I can think of, with his right toe exactly one inch from the ball and his left foot hard up against his right heel. In that possibly inelegant, but most effective stance the least variation must be perceptible, and I can likewise think of no one whose power of holding those putts, which are generally called "nasty," is more to be envied.

## UNWRITTEN CODE OF FIELD SPORTS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

WE who grew up in a care-free era, when game was not only more plentiful but also cheaper to rear and shoot, had several advantages denied to the present rising generation. Our sporting tutors had leisure for our education. Nor were they over-burdened by taxation. Our playgrounds were almost infinite in their variety when every manor was a well stocked game preserve and every little farm a rough shoot ready made.

Things are very different to-day. War work of one kind or another absorbs our energies, and few, if any, of us have the time, fewer still the money, to devote to more than cursory management of shoots. So youngsters cannot potter round as did their forebears, learning, concurrently with how to shoot, the ethics of sport, and the ways of creatures of the wild.

### UNWRITTEN LAW TRANSGRESSED

Ignorance is not a crime, nor does it imply a want of sportsmanship. But one sees so many novices transgressing the unwritten law that it may not be irrelevant to offer some suggestions as to conduct in the field.

Actually, sportsmanship is a characteristic not very easily defined in precise terms. But in essence it is the code which, in the pursuance of field sports, corresponds to what in our daily lives we call good manners. First, then, it is the reverse of good manners to accept a shooting invitation and turn up 10 minutes late, bringing with you a half-trained (and uninvited) dog. Not only do you keep the party waiting, but you may, when a day is scheduled to time, throw several beats entirely out of gear. It is not good manners to use two guns unless your host suggests it; to forget your cartridges, or bringing out too few, borrow from your neighbour. Nor will you be popular unless you

realise that conversation is unwelcome save between drives and at lunch-time.

There are two golden rules in shooting; one is safety, the other silence. Obviously the former is the more important, and, without incurring the stigma of being positively dangerous, you may still take risks that nobody appreciates. To fire across a neighbouring gun at too acute an angle is only one degree less heinous than firing down the line. To take birds which, heightening, will obviously give your neighbour better shots and drop them on his hat, is not dangerous, but damnable. And, unless invited to do so, to send your dog to pick up anything that he has shot is rather worse.

### LET THE DOGS DO THE PICKING-UP

You should remember, too, what many men forget—to keep still when a beat is over and allow the dogs to do the picking-up. If you wander all over ground where they are working you destroy the scent, and many a runner or wounded bird may be left behind. And if, *en route* from one beat to another, a partridge covey or a few cock pheasants offer tempting shots, forget about them.

The moment a drive is finished there is only one place for your cartridges, and that is in your pocket. You may see men who contravene this rule, but do not imitate them, if only for the very good reason that, quite apart from the fact that it is a breach of sporting etiquette, it may be highly dangerous. Both guns and beaters are scattered, and you cannot grasp in one split second the exact position of every individual. They are not expecting anyone to be carrying a loaded gun, and are therefore not conforming to the rules of safety which obtain during a drive. There is always the outside chance that someone may be still inside the



covert or behind the hedge towards which you fire, and outside chances are not good enough in shooting.

Then you will not waste the keeper's valuable time and keep a whole line waiting while he looks for your imaginary birds. We all know the partridge or the pheasant that falls "just out of sight below the hill"; most of us have heard the Rabelaisian comments of the beaters who are sent to look for it. Runners must be gathered, and as soon as possible, of course; but even so, if you are walking up birds, you must not hold up fellow-guns and put your dog on the line. For in the process of his hunt he will put up every covey ahead into the next parish. Instead, mark the fall of the bird by a stick, and then, after the field has been walked out, you can return and seek at your leisure.

I would say one word upon long shots.

Until he has had practice the novice very often finds it difficult to judge distance correctly. So for that matter do men of experience when birds are coming pretty thick and fast at every angle. No one can lay down a hard and fast rule as to the extreme range at which it is sportsmanlike to shoot. This depends on individual skill, the boring of a gun, the size of shot, and the species of the quarry. You can obviously take more chances with a full choke or a heavy fowling gun than with a cylinder or a 12-bore. The object of every sportsman is to kill clean, and, if the distance of the quarry from him makes it doubtful whether this is possible, to avoid wounding. It is better that a whole covey should go scot free than that a doubtful shot be taken, though it is less heinous to take a chance at a single bird than to fire into the brown.

But the novice will not, as a rule, kill birds

stone dead at 40yds., though, because shot spreads so widely at that range, it is quite possible and even probable that he may prick them. So it is a good rule that all men should confine themselves to ranges at which they know that, if they hold straight, they are effective, and not imagine that by using heavier loads they can make sure of hitting at a greater distance.

The only difference between shot sizes say of eights and fours, is that, whereas the former will not kill a heavy and well feathered bird, the latter will. But it does not carry any farther, nor, save with a heavier charge behind it, has it any greater penetration.

The only excuse for long shots is at pricked and wounded birds. Then, I think, shooting at any reasonable distance is permissible, for it cannot increase suffering, and if a vital part is even grazed, it may end it in a second.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### FRUMMETY

SIR,—The public mind is at the present time being greatly exercised by the question of "brown" bread, or "wholemeal" bread, as opposed to "white" bread.

In every mansion in the land the chairman of hall or castle is feeling it her duty to influence the staff of her household and all the outside staff in the villages around to replace their white bread by some form of brown bread.

This is not an easy task, nor is it in my opinion altogether a wise one. There are two great objections to the use of either the national loaf or any form of bakers' brown bread.

The first objection is that these breads are comparatively harder, more gritty, and require a thicker spreading of butter to a thinner slice of bread to make them palatable.

Now that butter is short and the brown loaf is smaller than the white loaf, the woman of the house thinks twice before she buys the brown loaf.

The second reason is that all the machinery of baking at present in England is specially adapted to the production of a large-sized, spongy, attractive flavoured white loaf, and therefore the baker, however good his intentions may be, finds it impossible to produce as economically an attractive brown bread.

There are many reasons why the bakers' brown loaf has very little in common with the old "loaf of bread" referred to in the Old Testament, or the loaf of Arab bread as bought in the native quarters of North Africa, or the rye loaf as eaten by the peasants of Hungary and the Balkans, or the old English "staff of life" on which our ancestors thrived. These forms of bread are palatable and tasty as well as being very nutritious.

Under these conditions of difficulty, I would like your readers to remember the value of the old English dish of frummety, or frummenty, as the dictionaries call it. It is really a form of wheaten porridge.

It is made by taking "white" English wheat, preferably grown on chalk soil, and soaking it and simmering it slowly for some 12 to 20 hours.

It is completely ready when the grains will burst on being squeezed with the fingers, and when allowed to grow cold it becomes a mass of soft grains and jelly.

Eaten with honey, or syrup, or a little brown sugar, it is a delightful dish, and one full of stay and stamina.

It contains all the essential elements of the wheat grain in the form which is digestible and gently laxative.

White wheat so grown on chalk soil contains calcium in an organised form and this calcium is a food of important value and has nothing in common with the mineral chalk which those who know no better are advising people to swallow in what is called "fortified" bread.

Those who take a dish of frummety daily are well within their rights in continuing to use white bread.—

JOSIAH OLDFIELD, 8, Harley Street, W.1, President of the Fruitarian Society, England.

### THE SPEED OF BIRDS

From Sir Maurice Denny, Bt.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in a few concluding remarks on the subject of the speed of birds.

In your issue of February 6, Mr. Seton Gordon deals with an earlier letter of mine. May I comment on some of his remarks?

He says that looking out of his hide he recognised a golden eagle "rushing earthward at stupendous speed," and that he had only "just time" to draw back his head when the bird had arrived. Mr. Gordon is a most experienced observer and I am sure he would identify an eagle at a height of a quarter of a mile. I suggest that he could, and probably did, withdraw his head in one second, and to cover 1,320 ft. in one second an object must be travelling at 900 miles per hour. Some eagle!

Mr. Gordon comments that he "imagines" the speed to be over 300 m.p.h., but, as I showed in my previous letter, an object falling freely through 5,000 ft. would not attain a mean speed of as much as 200 m.p.h., even in a vacuum. Imagination, therefore, is seen to be a very poor guide.

Please be assured that I am not picking on Mr. Gordon, who knows a great deal more about birds than I ever shall. I am only trying to show that many erroneous ideas prevail about the speed of birds, and that these are due largely to loose records, coupled perhaps with the very human desire to interest and startle.

Mr. Gordon mentions that Stuart-Baker, timing with a stop watch over a two-mile course, averred that swifts travelled at 200 m.p.h.

I wonder how the timing was done. Unless two operators were

concerned, tremendous obstacles to accuracy present themselves. Even with two observers speeds of this order require elaborate electrical apparatus to secure data remotely reliable. As I know from experience, to time a destroyer at only 35 knots on the measured mile is not easy, and even trained stop-watch operators do not record identical times.

Without any knowledge of the detail of Stuart-Baker's tests, I make so bold as to affirm that the swift certainly cannot approach 200 m.p.h. in level flight in still air.

It seems to me likely that ducks are among the fastest fliers. They are heavy birds, and have a comparatively small wing area, so that a high speed must be developed to produce the air reaction which supports them. A duck in level flight in still air, especially if for some reason it is "stepping on the gas," might reach a speed of between 75 and 100 miles an hour.—MAURICE DENNY, *The Crossways, Helensburgh.*

### COAT OF ARMS AT LANGLEYS

SIR,—I also read with great interest your charming description of Langleys in the county of Essex and thought of writing to you with regard to the "unidentified coat" but the solution seemed so obvious that I thought it must have been discounted years ago. According to Edmondson (*A Complete Body of Heraldry*, 1780), the arms are those of Waltham, of which family two—Richard de Waltham, 1426, and John de Waltham, 1447—are buried in Little Waltham Church (in which parish, I believe, Langleys lies). Of the former there is a brass inscription, of the latter there is a brass effigy in armour (rather interesting, the taces being of an unusual form).

Of the connection between the

Walthams and Everards, I know nothing, and that has probably been the difficulty. Perhaps someone can throw some light on the subject.—(REV.) ARTHUR R. MEAD, *Hopwoods, Seward's End, Saffron Walden.*

### WASTE OF PAPER

SIR,—Recent correspondents have pointed out in COUNTRY LIFE some apparently grave instances of waste of paper. It might interest your readers to know that steps have already been taken to prevent these possible leakages of this valuable war material.

Chain restaurants are all reducing the size of the order pads used by waitresses, as soon as existing stocks have been used up. Messrs. Lyons's bills, for example, are now reduced to 2 ins. by 2½ ins., and in those shops where a "Help Yourself" service has been introduced, bills are done away with altogether. In any case, all bills, with their duplicates are carefully collected, retained for a period, and then sent to the Lyons's Salvage Centre for repulping.

Theatre managements throughout the country are reducing the size of tickets when present stocks are finished. Here, again, used tickets are in time repulped.

With regard to the theatre where your correspondent saw an excessive display of posters, under the Control of Paper Order, 1941, issued on November 7, "No person in the United Kingdom shall exhibit at one time more than 10 posters, the contents of which relate to any one programme of entertainment to be given at any theatre, cinema, dance room, sports ground, racecourse, or other place of private or public entertainment." The theatre which displayed 32 posters is therefore liable to prosecution under the Order.—E. O. LEADLAY, *Waste Paper Recovery Association, Limited, Bowyer House, 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.*

### THE SIGNPOSTS' STORE

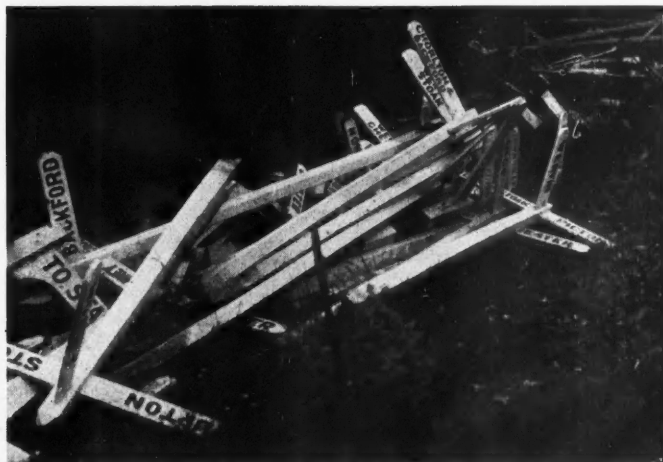
SIR,—Where do signposts go in war-time? Here is a partial answer to the query, for I discovered some of Cheshire's signposts in an old yard not far from the county's city. Judging by the rotted ends, they will be at a far more convenient height when they appear once more in those happy days ahead.—F. E. MARRIOTT, *Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.*

### WHY MOUNT A HORSE FROM THE LEFT?

SIR,—I hope Mr. Summerhays, who is always charming to me, will not mind if I write a word on a statement in his letter under the above heading in your issue of February 6.

I am sure that what he says will be taken as law by the public and that is why in the interests of better riding and horsemastership, which I have so much at heart, I would like to call attention to this remark.

I refer to what Mr. Summerhays says about the horse receiving a "left-



WHERE THE SIGNPOSTS GO IN WAR-TIME

(See letter "The Signposts' Store")

hand education." In any case it has no bearing on the reason for left-side mounting, which no doubt comes from the reason he gives. But since he has mentioned it, may I point out that one of the great aims of the good instructor and horse trainer is to make both pupil and horse equal-sided. One has to contend with a pupil who is possibly right-handed and right-legged, and the horse who is, I believe, usually born with a curvature of the spine. A person naturally prefers to have his stronger side next to the horse and, as the majority of people are right-sided, we have the habit of near-side leading. From this we have the horse tied in his box, and mangers and door so placed that it is easier to approach him on the near side. Every time his feed is brought he looks round and bends his whole spine to the left. If in addition he already has a natural curvature that way, there is little hope of making him into, or keeping him a straight ride with mind and muscles of equal sensitiveness and suppleness on both sides.

Most riders know the discomfort of riding a very one-sided horse, especially out hunting, and of the horse who is said to have a one-sided mouth. It is perhaps not generally known that this is often due to the resistance of the horse's neck and even body muscles and is not the mouth at all.

It is therefore our constant endeavour—that is, it was before the war and will be again after!—to give horses a "two-handed education" and to encourage their owners to maintain this by the simple expedient of treating them as equally as possible on both sides. It is also practical to be able to mount and dismount on the off side and the pupils of a sensible instructor are always equal to this.—*LISA SHEDDEN, Burford, Oxfordshire.*

SIR—I was very much interested to read Mr. Summerhays's letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 6, on "Why mount a horse from the left?"

I quite sympathise with the "Brains Trust" in not readily being able to find an answer to this almost universally superstitious practice.

Mr. Summerhays, whom, of course, all riders recognise as a great authority on matters equestrian, points out that horses receive a left-hand education, but he gives no reason for this peculiar practice. He goes on to say that the real reason for near-side mounting is to be found away back in the times when practically every horseman carried a sword on his left side; but this is scarcely a reason for the continuance of the practice to-day.

Mr. Summerhays suggests that to mount a horse on the road from the right side would invite a nasty accident from an oncoming car. But

this is not tenable, as the practice of left-side mounting is, I believe, almost universal, and the traffic regulations, of most countries oblige you to keep to the right.

It is well known that cavalry are always taught to mount from either side, as the slightest delay in action might prove fatal.

Personally, I have always mounted, saddled, bridled and led a horse from either side, and never found the slightest trouble occur from doing so; the advantages are obvious.

Is it not time we gave up this superstitious practice of always ap-



AN ELVER NET USED IN THE TIDAL SEVERN

(See letter "The Elver Trade")

proaching a horse from the left? I would be glad to hear of one single advantage to be obtained from doing so. So far I have heard none.—*C. R. GRACE, Pendean, Midhurst, Sussex.*

### TRACKS IN THE SNOW

SIR,—Much of interest can be learnt from a study of tracks, and winter.

when snow is on the ground, affords the best opportunity to increase our knowledge of the ways of animals and birds by this means.

It must often be felt that an accurate record of some track would be of permanent value, but photography (which is the usual method) is only possible in the most favourable circumstances, and even then the perspective is liable to make the scale inaccurate. A freehand sketch is a laborious and somewhat undependable alternative.

A quick and simple method of drawing tracks exactly to scale is by the use of a wire grid and squared paper. The grid I have used is 2ft. by 1ft. in size, divided into 3-inch squares. This is gently laid over a track and pressed on to the snow, leaving a light impression of the wires among the footprints. A second impression of the grid can then be made alongside the first, and this procedure can be repeated as often as desired all along the track.

A sketch is then made on squared paper, putting in all the details of each print which formed the complete track. I have found that for the tracks of rabbits, cats, birds, etc., half an inch on the paper representing 3 in. on the ground (that is, one-sixth natural size) is a suitable scale.—*T. LESLIE SMITH, Ashwood, Broughty Ferry, Angus.*

### THE ELVER TRADE

SIR,—To supplement the account of the elver netting in a recent issue, the enclosed photograph shows the shape of the net used at Ashleworth, on the tidal Severn. The village of Epney a few miles below Gloucester was the chief centre of the big trade done with Germany before the war, large quantities being sent there to stock the rivers with eels. I have also seen them being scooped out from under the river banks on the Wye near Kerne Bridge. No doubt they will be all the more welcome as food in this country: large quantities are sold in Gloucester, where they are thought a great delicacy, although the squirming mass of jelly that fills the buckets as the nets are emptied out does not look too inviting to the uninitiated.—*M. W., Hereford.*

### TWO MINIATURES

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two small miniatures that hang in the library here and I would be greatly obliged if any readers of your excellent journal could possibly identify the artists and sitters.

Miniature No. 1, in oval gilt frame, is of a young boy in blue and white gown, with red coral jewellery. On the back of the frame is written, "Master J. Willoughby, W. Wood fiat, No 233, round case, 1798."

The second miniature, also of oval shape, depicts a typical gentleman of the eighteenth century dressed in grey coat with white cravat. The decoration he is wearing is coloured red and silver and is suspended by a crimson ribbon.

I would welcome any information regarding these two interesting items.—*J. COUTTS DUFFUS, YOUNGER OF CLAVERTON, Claverton, By Dundee, Angus.*

### JOHN GUMLEY AND JAMES MOORE

SIR,—May I add the following information to the very interesting article on the two eighteenth-century cabinet-makers—John Gumley and James Moore.



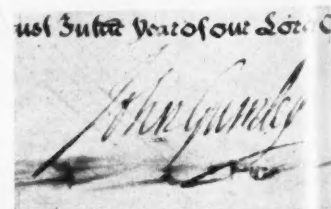
MAKING DRAWINGS OF TRACKS IN THE SNOW

(See letter "Tracks in the Snow")

According to Gumley's will, his daughter, who married William Pulteney, was not his "sole heiress"; for she, on the contrary, was one of the members of the family who benefited least by her father's fortune. "I give to my daughter Pultney One thousand pounds to be paid her in twelve months after my decease." In fact one might even sense an estrangement between father and daughter by the omission of her christian name (a procedure not followed with the other two married daughters) and the very brief statement of her legacy.

From the will it would appear that Gumley had three sons and four daughters. The eldest son George is described as "very profligate and disobedient" and "not fit to be trusted with an Ample fortune which is a great concern to me." Under the will he was allowed £150 per annum, on condition that "he doth not obtrude himself upon or molest my wife." To the other two sons—John and Samuel—Gumley left, to them and their heirs, as "Joint Teneants" for life "all my said Reall Estate (except my Capital Messuage at Thisleworth . . .)" on the decease or re-marriage of his wife Susan. Gumley also gave to his wife the residue of his personal estate but took care that she only possessed it, and the real estate, on condition "she so long continue my widow." The house at Isleworth was settled by "Strict Entail" on John the second son, who also succeeded to his father's place in the partnership business of Richard Hughes and Co., plate-glass manufacturers of Vauxhall. Samuel the third son held a commission in the army.

To his mother Gumley left "the use and Benefitt during her life" of the "Goods and Stock in trade at the Glass warehouse at the new Exchange in the Strand." According to the will Gumley was in partnership with his mother in this branch of his trade and on his death he gave to her the entire profits of the business for her life. She



JOHN GUMLEY'S SIGNATURE, REPRODUCED FROM HIS WILL (See letter "John Gumley and James Moore")



WHO WERE THEY AND WHO WAS THE MINIATURIST?

(See letter "Two Miniatures")



was presumably "Mrs. Elizabeth Gumley & Co." It would seem that Gumley's chief and most lucrative business was the making of plate-glass at Vauxhall.

The following information concerns James Moore. This cabinet-maker lived in "Short's Gardens, St. Giles in ye Fields." He died "of a Wound on his Head, which he received by a Fall as he was walking in the Street." His son James Moore (II) followed his father in trade and was appointed cabinet- and chair-maker to Frederick, Prince of Wales in 1732. He died in 1734. In his will James Moore (I) left to his son "my Materials of Trade namely Wood and Tools at ye election of my wife Elizabeth if she follows the trade to pay him one Hundred pounds & she keeps the Materials."—R. W. Symonds, *The Elms, Bramley, Surrey*. The references in Gumley's will to his interest in the manufacture of plate-glass gives additional confirmation to the allusions quoted in the article. He evidently went into



AN ANVIL IN STONE

(See letter "A Blacksmith's Memorial")

cabinet-making, more particularly the production of ornamental mirrors, from the plate-glass business, much in the way that a manufacturing firm may develop or acquire a distributing or processing business. But it is unlikely that Richard Hughes and Co., in which Gumley's interests centred, was more than a small firm. The leading producers of "Vauxhall mirrors" were Dawson and Bowles, at the works started by the Duke of Buckingham about 1673, which carried on for several generations.—Ed.]

### THE GOOSE AS AN EGG PRODUCER

SIR,—In these days when eggs are more precious than diamonds, I feel your readers may like to see a snapshot of a Chinese goose that began to lay at the beginning of October and has averaged an egg every other day up to the present time, producing over 70 eggs. Some persons are a little prejudiced against goose eggs for culinary purposes, but those laid by this bird are delicious scrambled. Boiled they are rather over-size for the ordinary egg-cup. The white goose that has pushed herself into the forefront of the photograph is just an ordinary goose with no claims to egg-laying distinction. The second Chinese goose is, however, trying to emulate number one and is now laying steadily. Although Chinese geese are pugnacious, overbearing birds, they are worth keeping now that eggs are scarce, particularly in view of the fact that they need little grain and are great grazers.—FRANCES PITT, *Bridgnorth*.

### TO NAME A CYCLAMEN

SIR,—I wonder if any reader of *COUNTRY LIFE* can give me information about a hardy cyclamen that

grows plentifully round about Aix-les-Bains. In August, 1939, a friend of mine who was staying there sent me a little basketful of blooms, which were a bright deep purple, and what was so fascinating was that the reverse side of the leaves were of the same hue. Had war not broken out soon after, I should have sent there for some corms, but unfortunately that was impossible. However, it was such a beautiful variety that I feel sure it must be obtainable in England. I have many different varieties, but all the late summer flowering ones are pink or white, and this one was such a very distinct and beautiful colour. If any reader can tell me which it is and, if possible, where it can be bought, I should be most grateful.—D. K. D., *Talsarnau, Merioneth*.

[From our correspondent's description, both of the flower and the locality, it is highly probable that the cyclamen referred to is the well-known *C. europæum* which is often to be seen in high summer in the woods and coppices of Switzerland and in its fullest profusion in the Southern Alps. There are various forms of this species, with flowers varying in shade from rose pink through crimson to a carmine magenta. It can always be distinguished by its leaves, which are rounded and faintly mottled and practically evergreen. Although these charming miniature cyclamen are not very plentiful these days, we should think it would be possible to obtain some from any good nurseryman specialising in choice bulbs.—Ed.]

### A BLACKSMITH'S MEMORIAL

SIR,—I have been much interested in some of the recent letters and photographs appearing in *COUNTRY LIFE* of uncommon memorials, and thought perhaps you would like to see this photograph of a memorial to a blacksmith in Headcorn Churchyard, Kent.

What more fitting memorial to a craftsman than one showing the tools he used during his lifetime, tools with which he fashioned work in iron and other metals which would still be in use long after their maker had passed on.

This interesting memorial shows the various tools of the blacksmith—anvil, hammer, tongs, adze, chisels and punches and a horseshoe—all neatly arranged in stone forming a beautiful memorial to a craftsman, one of the many who have had great difficulties in recent years in making ends meet.—E. J. ELPHICK, *Rocks Farm, Staplecross, Sussex*.

### A GHOST IN THE FOREST

SIR,—In your January 9 issue, I read a story of a ghostly fair by Edith Olivier. It interested me greatly because of a similar experience I had in Scotland last year while walking through an ancient forest with my

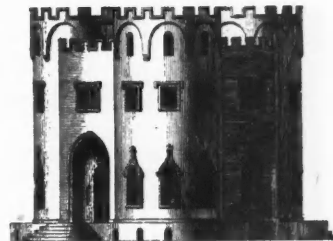
husband. We had taken a short cut through the wild glen and intended to walk down the bank of the Fillen to Crianlarich. The day was still and cloudless, a lovely day, and we were happy. The ground under the widely-spaced old fir trees was carpeted with woodsedge, biscuit-beige in the sunlight. There was no twilight or strange wind noises here to conjure up ghostly sensations as in popular ghost stories. We came to an open space, flat and treeless and full of sun-haze. My husband said: "Odd place this. Looks almost as if it had been made." Then as we entered it he remarked: "I don't like this place; it's too old and dead." I was about to reply that I felt it only peaceful but I suddenly had a sensation of depression almost amounting to hopelessness. I cannot describe it for I saw nothing but the sunny clearing in the forest, and yet I did see, with my mind's eye, as it were, and what I "saw" was more a feeling as though all about me was snow, under a leaden sky and behind me there were people and their eyes were without hope. My husband saw that I was oddly frightened and so we left the forest and tramped across the heather and finally came to the Fillen and thence down the glen to Crianlarich. We told them there, at the hotel, where we'd been and that we'd felt spooky at one place in the forest. The late Mr. Alistair Stewart said: "Oh, yes. That would be where a whole village was lost in the snow and they all starved to death." He did not seem surprised that we had felt the atmosphere of the spot. We are both Celtic but neither of us is in the least "psychic." One thing I do know and that is that even if I were chased by Hitler and his grizzly gang I would not enter that forest again.—O. A. T. S., *Tadworth, Surrey*.

### MIDFORD CASTLE

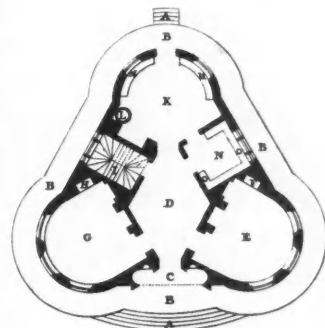
SIR,—In your issue of February 13, you published a photograph of Midford Castle, Somerset, with the legend attached to the building of this curious house.

I think you may, therefore, be interested to know that a design by John Carter for an almost identical building is shown in the *Builders' Magazine*, first published in 1774, where it is described as "A Gothic Mansion to be Erected on an Eminence that Commands an Extensive Prospect." The description of the plan is as follows:—"AA, Steps ascending on the (BB) Tarras; C, Porch; D, Hall; E, Common parlour; F, Clofet; G, Belf parlour; H, Clofet; I, Staircase; K, Kitchen; L, Copper; MM, Dreffers; N, Pantry; OO, Shelves."

Although he is occasionally remembered as an antiquary, Carter's architectural works have sunk into oblivion and there is no mention of him in the Dictionary of Architecture. The son of a stonemason, he was at one time foreman to James Wyatt, before embarking on his work for the



JOHN CARTER'S DESIGN FOR "A GOTHIC MANSION"



THE PLAN OF THE CASTLE

(See letter "Midford Castle")

*Builders' Magazine* and subsequently devoting himself to the study and recording of mediæval architecture. He was on friendly terms with Horace Walpole and made numerous sketches of Strawberry Hill and its contents. Kemble consulted him on the proper staging of plays, and he produced two operas of his own, *St. Oswald's Cell* and *The White Rose*.

Carter was responsible for the text and plates of the *Builders' Magazine*, and the latter range from mansions to furniture and hot houses to some delightful shop fronts. Most of them are in the classical manner, but there are a number calculated to appeal to those with a taste for the "Gothic," and the similarity between Midford Castle and the "Mansion to be Erected on an Eminence," leaves little doubt that it was built from his design.—DOROTHY STROUD, *Portland Place, W.1*.

### FROM A PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY

SIR,—I have just had two letters from my husband, Capt. P. Scott-Martin, and thought your readers might be interested in these extracts. From a letter dated November 29, Oflag VI B: "We have arranged with the Germans to publish a camp newspaper, printed outside. Brigadier Nicholson is chairman of venture, Francis Chancellor editor, and myself on the Board of Management with two others. I will try to send the first copy home. We have had an American and a Y.M.C.A. Commissioner here, and life goes on much as usual. Hockey, Rugger, Soccer (all on same pitch), hand-ball, table tennis. Our Symphony Orchestra is performing at the moment (about 40 performers) and is to be succeeded by a revue, *Behind the Scenes*, and a pantomime. We have plenty of indoor games, popular amongst which are yacht-racing and hunting games invented by Ted Beckwith." "December 26. Christmas is over, and we were as merry as possible. We got up early (7 a.m.), and prepared a special breakfast of dried fruit, tinned sausage and bacon, toast and marmalade. During the morning we visited and received visitors. We had our main dinner in the evening, 8 p.m. Tinned soup, ½ tinned steak and kidney pudding, ½ fruit pudding, biscuits and cheese. At 9 p.m. (our time) I drank your health in lemonade."—RENE SCOTT-MARTIN, 10, Park Avenue, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.



THE CHINESE GOOSE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND HAS LAID MORE THAN SEVENTY EGGS SINCE OCTOBER

(See letter "The Goose as an Egg Producer")

## REDESDALE MARKET HALL

From Sir Basil Peto, Bt.

SIR,—With reference to illustration of "Redesdale" Market Hall, Moreton in the Marsh, on page 247 of your issue of February 6, this is actually Redesdale Market Hall. It was built about 1887 by the late Lord Redesdale, who was Mr. Bertram Mitford, when he came into the title, in memory of the first Lord Redesdale, whom he succeeded, and who was Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

It was designed by Messrs. Ernest George and Peto (my late brother Harold Peto) and built by my late brother Herbert Peto and myself in business as Peto Brothers, builders.

I believe it is built entirely of Ham Hill Stone.

It is a tribute to the purity of the design, that it should be illustrated among pictures of old buildings on the Road to Wales.—BASIL PETO, *Iford, Wiltshire.*

## A HEN PHEASANT'S FOOD

SIR,—On December 20 I saw a hen pheasant on some drilled wheat which was showing up well through the soil frequently stopping and pecking at something. After about an hour the bird flew over the hedge into some winter oats which had been sown on a very old grass field, ploughed out in 1941, and continued doing the same. I passed back about



HEN PHEASANT'S CROP AND CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1941  
(See letter "A Hen Pheasant's Food")

an hour later and noted through my field glasses that her crop looked unduly large and shot her. The crop contained 554 larvæ, all of which are injurious to roots of cereals or pasture. The larvæ were those of *Bibio marci*—wireworm and leather-jackets; the first name preponderated. Two earwigs were also in the crop, with three small bulbs of some kind, but nothing else. The photograph of larvæ and of the crop may be of interest.—M. PORTAL, *Holywell, Swanmore.*

[Major Portal is to be congratulated on obtaining so excellent a photographic record of the good done by pheasants in destroying injurious

larvæ. Several instances have come under our notice of pheasants supposed to be taking grain, but when the birds were shot "in the act" and their crop contents examined, it was found that they had been feeding almost entirely on wireworms.—ED.]

## BRADING BULL-RING

SIR,—Lt.-Col. Vivian in his letter, published with a photograph of Brading bull-ring in your issue of January 16, states that the bull "was fastened to the ring by a long rope which passed through its nose."

I venture to suggest that this statement is not quite correct.

The normal practice was for the bull to be secured by a rope which was fastened to a strong collar; this collar is shown in many old prints and can be seen particularly clearly in the reproduction in Alken's *National Sports of Great Britain*, which was published about 1820.

This work gives a great deal of information about bull-baiting, as practised at that period, and the plates show "handlers" launching bull terriers at a "Game Bull" which is secured by a rope and collar.

Bull-baiting was evolved from the older pastime of bull-running, which was practised as early as 1209, in which year the Earl of Surrey is said to have enjoyed seeing a bull "run" so much that he provided bulls to be run annually at one of the public holidays.

At first it was usual for the bull to be "run" without any means of control, but later the practice was for a long rope to be tied round the bull's neck, the loose end of which could be held by one or more of the spectators.

Later still, the collar was introduced; I have a print published about 1760 which shows a bull being "run" in this manner; one man is shown holding the rope while others control the dogs and yet another picks the pockets of the better dressed spectators. A very strong rope was an essential for any of these pastimes, as the well-known print *Bull Broke Loose* makes abundantly clear.—R. H. GLYN, *Tisbury, Wiltshire*

# ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND

By COUNT BJÖRN VON ROSEN

(Translated from the Swedish by Huldine V. Beamish)

THE tunnel slopes gently downwards into the sandy hill. Near the surface it is still half light, and roots and stones in the walls show clearly. Farther down, the slope grows much steeper, and the tunnel gets dark; it curves under the edge of an overhanging boulder, becomes narrower and swings abruptly off to the side; behind the bend the darkness is solid. Immediately beyond, thin and diluted, is the first hint of scent and promise.

The dachshund creeps on. He crawls quickly and cautiously, often listening and sniffing. Now and then, when he comes across a half-collapsed side-tunnel, he puts his nose in and snuffles a bit, so as not to be led astray in his direction.

## FULL OF CONFIDENCE

Sand under his paws changes into a soft springy material, and then he has more room: he stands upright. This is the first chamber, bedded with moss and withered bracken. He scratches a bit in the dry bedding, boring down with his nose and snuffling. Also he takes care to shake off the sand that fills the coarse hair on his chest and shoulders, and the long ears beat a short rattling tattoo against the sides of the chamber—a nonchalant sound, full of self-confidence. After this he listens and once more draws the scent deep into his nostrils, but neither nose nor ears give him any information. The top storey seems to be empty.

From the chamber two or three tunnels go off; in one the scent is a little stronger. This he follows; it grows rapidly narrower, and he lies on his side, kicking himself along with caterpillar-like jerks of his muscular back. The downward slope becomes steeper; finally the tunnel turns, and just at the turn it plunges sharply down.

The hole is as steep as a well, and the loose sand provides an unsatisfactory hold; but here, in the stairway to the lower storey of the burrow, the scent suddenly grows warmer, exciting him to recklessness. He draws it in ecstatically, and the hunt fever starts to burn in his head. Without hesitation he slides, with a sideways jerk, into the lower storey.

The darkness cannot grow thicker, but the air contains less oxygen, more scent and warmth

and the smell of wild animal. The dachshund kicks himself along more keenly; the sand is loose and the floor of the narrow tunnel gives way softly and lets him plough himself along, partly collapsing again behind him. He works himself along with a regular jerking movement, swimming through the sand more like a lizard than a dog. The scent spurs him on; it lingers strong and rank in his nostrils, this pungent and delicious wild animal smell—the chief and most significant scent in his extensive world of smells, a world much more varied and full of meaning for him than the world of sight or hearing.

Suddenly he stops and stiffens, shrinking to immobility. The darkness in front is impenetrable, but the "warmth" of the scent has become hot and rank. His hind legs get a purchase against the sides of the tunnel, his nostrils expand and contract; he cannot avoid a small sneeze to free the scenting cells in his nose from dust and mucus, making them clear to receive the most exact reports. At once he realises that the badger is only a couple of yards in front. But his sneeze has warned his antagonist. In the second following the attack comes.

## THE FIGHT BEGINS

A powerful, half-growing, half-hissing sound vibrates in his ear-drums, and the walls of the tunnel shake as a heavy body is thrust violently towards him. He does not allow himself to be taken by surprise: the taut muscles in his hind legs are waiting, and with a jerk the long dachshund body flings itself half a yard backwards into the tunnel. In the same second the first bark bursts from his throat, and the badger, with an irritable growl, draws himself back into the chamber.

The bite of the dachshund has not the slightest effect on the leathery, thick and hard skin of the badger, and the badger himself bites like a vice. The aim of the dachshund is to provide nothing at which to bite.

Like an eel the dachshund moves backwards and forwards in the tunnel, dancing and feinting like a boxer, retiring like lightning whenever the badger lunges, and just as rapidly following up the retreats. He coolly works out the radius of action in which he can take liberties and keeps

to it consistently. The badger tries place after place, but when he finds he cannot shake off his troublesome pursuer, he becomes resigned; grumbling hollowly, and with occasional furious charges, he lies up with his back protected in a terminal hole to out-stay his uninvited guest. His deep resonant growls seem to imply huge resources of power that he does not bother to employ. He is a curious mixture of rhinoceros-like invulnerability and weasel-like quickness, with the latent strength of a bear.

## MESSAGE FROM THE BURROW

On the surface, the hunter has for a time been creeping round on all fours, now and then pressing his head against the ground. Finally, at a point up in the forest ground a long way from the mouth of the burrow, the sound of the dachshund's bark penetrates faintly to ground level. He has located not only the place where the dachshund is lying, but also, he thinks, the approximate direction of the tunnel. He draws a square in the moss, two yards by one, crossing above the direction in which he believes the tunnel to go, and starts to dig with quiet and methodical strokes.

The first bit is slow going. Pine roots twist themselves awkwardly and stubbornly through the slope; he has to take the hatchet to deal with them. Many small rocks also get in the way, and the pick is required to loosen them in the unyielding layer of earth with short sharp bites, each one followed by a semicircular twist that prises up the small boulders. Then the spade makes long driving and scraping strokes; soon he is standing knee deep, and the sand begins. The work progresses quickly. He works methodically, dividing the bottom of the hole into two squares, standing on one and digging up the other with long swinging strokes; then he takes a step down, turns, and does the other half. This sand is easily dug, soft as butter, but when he comes farther down he has to widen the sides to prevent them from giving way. He is a yard down already, and the barling sounds a bit clearer.

Below, the badger still lies in his chamber, with occasional growls—a lump of potential strength, powerfully sure of his invulnerability, thick-necked and solid. The dachshund keeps a distance in front of him, luring him on by



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barking. The barking comes through the dark tunnel as even and regular as a clock, and reaches through the solid masses of sand, stones, subsoil, and roots to the surface, where the hunter hears it and smiles.

A strange amusement, one might think, this gruelling work, but it is entirely to the taste of both dog and hunter. It is an old solitary boar they are after—a *gourmet* of capercaillie eggs, and the reason for many hens being without a brood.

#### A SURPRISE ATTACK

Suddenly the badger gets impatient. The noise has gone on for over an hour, and the obstinate animal in front of him shows no signs of growing tired. Quietly he turns his head to the side, gets a purchase with his paws against the floor, and draws himself three-quarters round: finally he is lying with his hind part towards the indefatigable baying dachshund, who has seen nothing in the pitch blackness.

Suddenly a sandstorm flies towards the dog; an explosion of sand, gravel, and small stones hits him unexpectedly while he is barking. It roars deafeningly round his head, it whirls into his half-open jaws, throat, ears, and nose; he swallows, sneezes, coughs, and blinks, for a second losing his composure. The badger is working furiously with all his short powerful pads; in a few seconds, if the surprise is successful, he will be separated from the dachshund by a wall of sand half a yard thick, which he can then add to at his leisure, digging himself farther and farther away into the sandy slope.

But this is not the dachshund's first experience. He hurls himself forward and runs his head right through the wall. His nose and mouth are full of sand, but he also feels something else between his teeth—the loose long hair on the badger's hindquarters. He seizes it almost sensually, and shakes it; the boar makes a rapid snake-like about-turn, and grabs at him, but he has already let go and started to bark again; and after several furious forward rushes from each side, the situation is the same as before. The loose sand, which was the beginning of the wall, is worked by the dachshund underneath and behind him; his adversary resignedly settles down to continue the passive waiting game.

#### THE HUNTER'S DIGGING

The hunter goes on digging. After two hours he comes on a layer of compressed wood, hard as cement. Even the strongest stroke with the pick drives the point down only an inch. Streams of sweat trickle from his forehead, his body is soaking, a blister breaks out from a little finger. Now the cement surface is covered with fine disturbed subsoil. The spade clears the loosened bits; the floor in the dip gets smooth and hard again, but an inch farther down. Then the pick again, and again, and the layer of subsoil grows less deep. At the next stroke the pick drives into a tunnel.

The barking below sounds a bit clearer through the hole, but is rather far away. He crouches at the bottom of the pit, pressing his ear against the sand. The direction is right, but he must go a bit more to the left, so as not to come directly above the dog. He cuts up the remaining subsoil round the tunnel, and clears out the loose stuff. Now he is down again to real lake-sand, finely silted and clear yellow in colour. He turns where he crouches, listening.

The point from where the barking comes is heard very well; he can also feel the soft thumps in the hill when the badger is making a charge and the dog retreating. Yes, when the dog is silent for a second he can even catch the sound of the growls from the grey animal below. It spurs him on; he goes on digging, throwing up the sand in high arcs over the rim of the hollow. Now he is 2 yds. down, and the hole has grown narrow: there is just an even space to lift the spade without its hitting the sides.

With each thrust of the spade the bottom deepens, and the barking comes nearer. Now he is so near that he does not dare to dig straight in the direction of the barking: he might hurt his dog with the spade, and the noise might make the badger suspicious and let him get away. He makes for a point immediately behind the dog, working carefully in time with the barking. When the dog takes a breather,

the spade stops. Now the sound is so clear that there can be hardly more than a spade's breadth left to the tunnel. He pauses and wipes the sweat from his forehead. He and his dog have been working for four hours. Cautiously he gets out of the pit and fetches his revolver and torch.

The dachshund is, naturally, beginning to tire, but his keenness is unabated. It is the great passion of his life, this technical and skilled game with the old gentleman in the underworld, the game of flexibility and endurance with phlegmatic and self-confident brute force.

Now, an hour later, he can hear that his master is not far away. The spade rattles through the sand with regular strokes; occasionally he also hears the pick being carefully levered, creaking against the edge of a stone. Now it is quiet for a time, and the dachshund

behind his ears stand up like rubber balls. With an angry growling the badger draws himself back into his chamber; the dachshund continues his barks, slightly shriller and closer together.

The scraping sound of the spade is now near. Suddenly a streak of light breaks into the tunnel behind him. He pauses, and hears the hunter whispering an encouraging word; his tail thumps gently against the walls of the tunnel. But the badger is beginning to come at him again. The clean air, streaming in through the crack in the roof, redoubles his strength; he meets the boar half way with a torrent of barking that completely drowns the rattling of the spade when the hunter slowly widens the crevice. The dog feels the familiar hand stroking his back, and launches one final attack against the black hole where the chamber



Frances Pitt

**"A LUMP OF POTENTIAL STRENGTH, POWERFULLY SURE OF HIS INVULNERABILITY, THICK-NECKED AND SOLID"**

listens, sneezing and shaking the sand out of his eyes. The animal in front of him growls softly in the darkness. The dachshund immediately breaks out with his barking again—the badger must not imagine his vigil is slackening!

But the badger also becomes conscious of the unusual disturbance in the ground about him as if from another strange badger. Presently he makes a violent attack, and the dachshund, after his long work in a hunched-up position, is beginning to get stiff in the spine and is nearly caught napping. In the pitch darkness neither adversary can see. He gets hold of the badger above the whiskers—the only place that gives any grip on that wooden badger skull. Growling he keeps his hold for a few seconds, but has to let go when the large animal bends his neck down with determination, making the muscles

goes off at right angles to the tunnel; then the fingers end up on the back of his neck, he is lifted out and leashed. Quivering with excitement, he leans forward as far as the lead will allow, and looks down into the hole where the hunter lies, huddled up.

The hunter has poked his head into the mouth of the chamber and sees the broad white blaze slowly moving in the gleam of the light of his torch; the small pig-like eyes blink with surprise: the badger is staring at the light, suddenly sobered after his fight. A revolver shot rings out and the dachshund gives a yelp. "Now I want to get down and give him a good shaking," he seems to say. And he gets his shaking, for a long time, with praises and pappings, while his teeth dig triumphantly into the warm shagginess of the badger.



## FARMING NOTES

## SABOTAGE ON THE FARM

**G**RIM news from the East should not leave any farmer in doubt about the urgency of getting the fullest possible output of food from his land and moreover the class of food that the nation is most likely to need. Yet within the past week I have heard farmers say that as winter milk production is a nuisance and has not paid too well they intend to cut down winter milking. The kind of sabotage—it is no better—cannot be tolerated. Unless a farmer is willing to do what the nation requires he ought to be cleared out of his farm straight away to make room for someone who does realise the farmer's duty in war-time. I hope the war agricultural committees will give short shrift to those who think first of their own convenience. They are no use to the nation now and will be no use to the farming community after the war.

**I**t is a surprising calculation put out by the Ministry of Agriculture that an extra 25,000 gallons of milk daily would be gained if every herd in the country had just one more cow calving in the autumn instead of in the spring. The point of course is that an autumn calver comes in fresh at a time when milk yields are normally falling, and after the winter picks up again when there is some fresh spring grass. It would serve the national interest if every dairy farmer let the bull run with his cows freely for the next few weeks, so that every one possible is caught for autumn and early winter calving. This concentration on winter milking does require more home-grown feeding-stuffs if milk yields are to be maintained. Prospects for rationed feeding-stuffs are uncertain and the dairy farmer must rely more on his own efforts than on ration coupons. Some of the best results in winter milk yields are being got this year through feeding high-quality silage. Some really good stuff was made last summer and autumn and the cows have taken to it well.

**M**OST farmers would like to see an increase in the country's livestock. I believe there is scope on many farms for getting back to the old numbers and on some farms that were ranched before the war for getting a useful increase in the cattle and sheep. Mr. Hudson said some weeks ago that the total head of cattle in the country was as big as before the war and, going round farms, there is indeed little indication of a reduction, except perhaps in yearlings. This deficiency is, I think, being made good now by rearing more calves. The demand for a good type of calf for rearing has been keen for several months now. Calf rearing is a job that many small-holders can undertake profitably. Cattle will certainly be wanted for some years to come. We may have kept up our numbers in this country, but many thousands have been slaughtered in Europe to feed the Germans and values are likely to be well maintained.

**S**OME farms that will have a bigger acreage of leys this year could carry more sheep. The ideal would be to hurdle them and so get the full benefit of the golden hoof. If this is not practicable sheep running on the leys will speed the restoration of fertility. It is mainly for the sake of fertility that more temporary leys are being put down on the arable, but cutting for hay two years running will not help much. These leys should be well stocked if they are to fulfil their purpose and to do this many farms will want more sheep. What distresses me is to see ewe lambs and tegs that are fit for breeding stock being sent for slaughter as fat stock. At the Ministry of Food's prices they may be worth £4 or more for slaughter, but from the Ministry of Agriculture's angle as potential makers of fertility they are worth double that sum to restore the nation's breeding flocks.

**M**ORE determined action will have to be taken immediately to keep pace with corn threshing and get this work completed before the rush of spring work comes in March.

This winter we have not used our threshing machines to more than half capacity and thousands of ricks will not be cleared until April and May, holding up urgent seasonal work. There are several handicaps which must be overcome. One is the fact that many, possibly the majority, of the threshing machines in England are in the hands of farmers who have four or five weeks' work for them at most. For the rest of the winter they are idle. These machines must be pressed into general service. If the owners cannot undertake threshing for their neighbours their machines will have to be requisitioned by the war agricultural committees and operated by them.

**A**NOTHER handicap is the short working day on many small farms, especially where there are cows to be milked and a full threshing team cannot be got together until nine o'clock or so, and the men have to go off to the cow-house again about three o'clock. The remedy for this is the employment of more Women's Land Army members to make up threshing teams travelling round from farm to farm. If there is one experienced man as engine driver and another as feeder the rest of the team can be women. When the threshing machine comes

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## FUTURE OF RURAL LAND

**F**OUR articles entitled "Green and Pleasant Land" in COUNTRY LIFE in September and October last, are the subject of special mention by the Council of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution, in a report to Lord Justice Scott's Committee on Land Utilization in Rural Areas.

The Committee asked the Council to call their attention to "any published works which might assist the consideration of their terms of reference." The basis of the Surveyors' suggestions is that "the recognition of agriculture as a national asset will be a fundamental part of long-term policy for the future." With that aim Lord Justice Scott's Committee has under consideration how to secure that "agriculture should be given a fair deal in a balancing of its claims upon the land with those of housing and industry." Although it is admitted that the rival claims of housing and industry are material, the paramount importance of agriculture is emphasised.

Before the present war, it is estimated, about 50,000 acres a year were permanently lost to agriculture, and regret is expressed that that seems to have been effected without consultation with or control by the Ministry of Agriculture. The need for taking large areas for military purposes, such as aerodromes, is recognised, but it is suggested that much of such land may be capable of restoration to farming, and in the meanwhile, wherever possible, preference in the selection of aerodrome and other sites should be given to the less fertile land.

## GOLF LINKS AND SPORTS GROUNDS

**A**MONG the interesting points discussed are those relating to recreational uses of farm land. The Council would like to see playing-fields and so forth formed within the built-up areas, rather than on productive land around such areas. A point of considerable importance in the development of residential land is the proximity of golf courses. In the past there has been practically no check on the absorption of any land for that purpose. The rents obtained from such a use, combined with the fact that, when the land became more attractive as a proposition for development, little or nothing stopped its change from open land to building sites, made it easy for plenty of space to be obtained. The entire paragraph on this subject is worth quotation, for it interests not only golfers but owners of open land, in the rural fringes of a countless number of towns:

"Golf courses, of necessity, must be outside the town but they ought not to be constructed on good agricultural land. Indeed, golf courses are often all the better for being laid out on poor, light land where heath and thorn can be utilised as natural hazards. In any case, the national conscience should be educated up to the maxim that good agricultural land in this country is a limited asset

on to a farm furnished with its own team, a full day's work can be done without interfering with milking or other routine work that must go on.

**T**HE discussion on income tax and excess profits tax at the Farmers' Club the other day was, I am told, rather a disappointing affair. No industry likes E.P.T. at 100 per cent. In the case of agriculture the filching of money required for working capital is a serious matter that is already affecting food production. I know of one case where the farmer having taken over an additional 500 acres, formerly derelict, and borrowed £7,000 from the bank to farm and equip the additional land finds that however good his returns on paper he cannot keep enough of the profit to enable him to pay off the bank loan even by stages over several years. He is allowed, so he understands from his accountant, to keep nothing beyond the original Schedule B assessment of this land, which is £350, and while he is ready to take risks in growing more food for the country he feels that taxation law which precludes him from getting straight with the bank, whatever profits he makes, must be unsound. I do not profess to understand the mysteries of the high priests of Inland Revenue. Probably I never shall. But it would relieve the minds of some farmers who have undertaken fresh commitments from patriotic motives to know that there are means of getting straight with the banks.

CINCINNATUS.

of high value which ought not to be alienated for other purposes except on the highest consideration of the national interest, and certainly not for a recreation which requires so spacious a use of the surface."

## THE LATE MR. BELDAM'S GROUSE MOOR

**A**NOTHER indication of the slightly improving enquiry for Scottish estates is seen in the sale (by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley), of Shinness, the Sutherlandshire grouse moor and other land, altogether 12,500 acres. It belonged to the late Mr. G. W. Beldam, the noted Middlesex cricketer and writer on cricket. His executors are the vendors. Shinness Lodge is modern, commodious but not excessively large, and it is of stone. The site chosen for it is a high one, on the fringe of Loch Shin, which, extending for over 16 miles, ranks as one of the largest fishing lakes in Scotland. The moor, roundly 10,000 acres, yields a great quantity of partridges, blackgame, and snipe, as well as hares. Roe deer and stags are plentiful. The take of salmon is a large one, and the trout-fishing is remarkably good. The sale includes a farm of 400 acres, approximately 30 acres of small holdings, and a large area of woodlands.

## MERLY, WIMBORNE, FOR SALE

**C**APTAIN A. V. HAMBRO, M.P., has resolved to dispose of Merly estate, near Wimborne. The Georgian house stands in a park of 42 acres, and the grounds are partly protected by a massive wall. Higher Merly Farm (a nice house, with ample buildings and cottages and 73 acres of pasture) is part of the estate. Messrs. Fox and Sons expect to submit Merly some time next month.

Well over £40,000 has been realised in two or three recent weeks for Bournemouth and neighbouring properties, through the agency of Messrs. Fox and Sons. Among the sales were those of flats in Princes Court, Poole Road; The Dower House, Alumhurst Road; 66, Wentworth Avenue; a number of building sites; and in addition The Bushes, Swanage and The Hollow, Iwerne Minster.

## A LEGEND OF WESTWARD HO!

**A**NNERY, in North Devon, has been sold by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Yeovil office. Charles Kingsley, in the twelfth chapter of *Westward Ho!* alludes to "a mighty feast" in the year 1583. Mr. St. Leger invited a host of Bideford friends to have dinner at Annery on salmon which he swore to catch in the pool on the estate. "The great terrace at Annery" is still in existence, but the original house was destroyed by fire and rebuilt in the eighteenth century. A few years later fire again did much damage to the house. The sale comprises approximately 127 acres. Other sales by the Yeovil office include Sock Dennis, Ilchester, 177 acres of exceedingly good Somerset land, which is tithe-free.

ARBITER.

# GARDENING WITH ECONOMY

The virtue of annual flowers for an attractive display in the garden in war-time

**W**HILE all gardeners are more concerned in these days with the production of vegetable crops, it is well to preserve a sense of fitness and not to allow the purely utilitarian aspect of horticulture to outweigh entirely the claims of the flower garden. Flowers of all kinds have their part to play in our war-time lives from the standpoint of the solace and comfort they afford to troubled minds, and gardeners are wise who maintain a just proportion between the purely ornamental and the economic. When the utilitarian aspect has first claim, the decorative side must of necessity be curtailed, especially with the shortage of labour and the need for economy in spending, but an attractive show of colour and bloom can readily be obtained at little cost and with a minimum of upkeep and without interfering to any extent with the vegetable and fruit crops, if one is diligent enough to make a search for the proper material.

There are many ornamentals that can be used to brighten the garden in these times, but none with more just claims to recognition than all those flowers of an annual persuasion. The annuals, both hardy and half hardy, possess just those qualities which commend them for use in the war-time garden. Easy to grow and accommodating in their ways, they cost relatively little. A small collection which will provide all the flower and colour one wants throughout the summer can be had for a few shillings, and the time required in ground preparation and the upkeep of the plants throughout the season is negligible. Raking over the ground to a fine tilth before scattering the seed and picking off the withered flowers every day or so to prevent seed pods developing, are all they demand, a task not beyond the capacity of the most leisurely inclined gardener. Another point in their favour is their temporary nature and the fact that they can be grown in all odd corners, in small beds and narrow borders, on banks and in the rock garden where it is a waste, both of time and effort, to try to grow vegetables. They are immensely useful for filling gaps in the mixed hardy flower border, and for providing a supply of flowers for cutting, while others can be grown in pots for interior decoration and for affording a temporary screen on wall and trellis. Indeed, so adaptable are they in manners that they can be used to secure summer beauty and colour almost anywhere and everywhere in garden surroundings.

Of those kinds suitable for beds and

borders, the choice is more than enough. For spaces in the middle row and the background, the handsome annual mallow called *Lavatera Loveliness*, a better plant than the type *L. trimestris*, the annual poppies, perhaps the most flagrantly gorgeous of all annuals, *echium*, the annual *chrysanthemums*, the taller *godetias*, the annual *rudbeckias*, the African *marigolds*, the giant sunflower, the fine yellow *Leptosyne Stillmanni*, the taller larkspurs and sweet peas, can all be chosen with confidence. To furnish the edge, the selection is equally wide, and the gardener can take his pick of the *calendulas* and *cornflowers*, the *nigellas*, *nemophila* and *phacelia* (a lovely trinity of blues), the *eschscholtzias* and *viscarias*, both admirable front line subjects, the dwarf *godetias* like *Sweetheart* and *Sybil Sherwood*, and the *clarkias*. Besides these, there are the *nemesias* and *Phlox Drummondii*, with both of which the seed can be sown in boxes in a cold frame in early April and the seedlings merely thinned and planted out late in May, when they will flower freely until mid-September. Nor must the *petunias* and *verbenas* be overlooked or the annual *anchusa* and *delphinium*, both charming annuals to keep company with *Madonna* and *Regal lilies* in the border in association with dwarf *lavender*, *santolina* and other grey-foliaged things. The Ten-week stocks are, of course, indispensable, while for late summer, *dahlias* (easily raised from seed), *zinnias*, *asters* and *cosmea*, should all have a place.

While barred in the rock garden by the alpine purist, annuals, provided they are carefully chosen, nevertheless have their uses in such surroundings. There are several kinds quite in keeping with rock work, and the average eye will have no fault to find with the *Eschscholtzia* *Miniature Primrose*, *Cotula barbata*, *Calandrinia umbellata*, the dainty *Leptosiphon hybridus*, the brilliant *Livingstone Daisy* (*Mesembryanthemum criniflorum*), the double *gazania*, the blue *Sedum cœruleum*, *Limnanthes Douglasii*, so beloved of bees, and *Platystemon*



AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER OF THE FORMAL GARDEN AT WEST HORSLEY PLACE IN LATE SUMMER

Petunias in shades of pink and blue provide the backbone of the display and are supported by zinnias and nicotiana

*californicus*, with its miniature globes. The tiny violet cress, *Ionopsidium acaule*, is just right for rock work, and so are *asperula* and the miniature *kaulfussia*, while *felicia* and the two brilliant South Africans, *dimorphotheca* and *ursinia*, if a trifle more sophisticated, are not entirely out of sympathy among the rocks.

On a bank where the soil is poor and on the dry side and where little else can be induced to survive, let alone flourish, it is worth trying a few annuals. It is almost certain the dwarf *nasturtiums* will succeed. Nothing will daunt these rampers and the poorer the ground the better they flower. *Golden Gleam* and the *Scarlet Gleam* hybrids will provide an arresting summer picture in such a situation and an admirable solution to the problem of furnishing. The *eschscholtzias* too can be trusted to give a good account of themselves and the same can be said of the annual *lupins*, *calendulas* and *linarias*.

Annuals of a climbing habit are not plentiful, but what there are deserve to be much more widely grown. For a temporary screen on a trellis or wall until something more permanent can be planted, the canary creeper, *Tropæolum canariense*, is a first-rate annual, and others like *Cobæa scandens* and *Maurandia Barclayana*, are also worth trying on a warm wall. The same situation, too, will suit the incomparably lovely *Ipomœa Heavenly Blue* and the brilliant *Eccremocarpus scaber*, and if further opportunity presents itself to sow more, the choice can be extended to include the Japanese hop, *Mina lobata*, and the ornamental gourds.

G. CROSBIE.



A LATE SUMMER BORDER AT PORT LYMPNE

In the foreground can be seen annual *rudbeckias*, sunflowers, *gaillardias*, *tagetes* and *coreopsis*



A BORDER OF ANNUALS AT WEST HORSLEY PLACE

*Verbenas*, *statice*, *salvia*, *phlox* and others are massed in bold groups supplemented by *dahlias*



## UNCOMMON VEGETABLES TO ADD TO THE SEED ORDER

**T**O adventure with vegetables in these days when all our energies should be directed to the production of the greatest quantity of the real stalwarts of the kitchen garden, the well-known standard kinds and varieties that have given us ample reward for the last half-century and more, may seem hardly in keeping with the present national needs. But a little reflection will, I think, show that it is no less necessary to exercise initiative and enterprise in the choice and growing of vegetables than it is in the invention and production of vital accessories to the military effort. Only by experiment can progress be made, and a wider demand for good quality vegetables of fine flavour and improved cropping powers would undoubtedly lead to their production by those engaged in the raising of such things. It is astonishing how so many people take such little interest in vegetables until they arrive at table. Everything is accepted as it comes, and there is very little attempt to vary the vegetable menu from the ordinary run, or to ascertain the best varieties of good flavour among the standard kinds. There is no doubt that had the same powers of discrimination and judgment been applied to the choosing of vegetables as has been the case of late years with ornamental plants, considerably more progress would have been made in vegetable culture in this country than has in fact been achieved. It is surely even more important to exercise discrimination in, and apply oneself diligently to the choosing of vegetables than it is in selecting decorative plants, and if the war has done any good at all so far, it is that it has taught gardeners to use a little more care in ordering their vegetables and has enabled many to make the acquaintance of several kinds hitherto entirely unknown.

To delve deeply into the pages of any good vegetable list is to realise how restricted in their contents most of our kitchen gardens really are. It is good policy of course to remain faithful to the well-tried kinds and varieties that have proved suitable to the conditions and amenable to the palate. But regard these as the backbone, the framework to which additions can be made in the shape of new sorts and fresh varieties. Nothing venture nothing gained, is as good a motto in the vegetable garden as elsewhere, and the gardener who consistently refuses to try out new kinds, simply because they are unknown to him, misses a wonderful opportunity of not only adding to his interest and knowledge but of varying his menu. Some of

the ventures with new things may not, it is true, be repeated, but in other trials, it is not unlikely that a treasure may be discovered that will become a permanent item in the seed order ever afterwards.

Considerable emphasis has been laid, and rightly so, on the value of the bean tribe in the war-time garden and more especially on those kinds that can be used for storing. The last years have brought home to many for the first time the virtues of the haricot bean, among which there is none better than the brown-seeded Dutch, now fortunately more plentiful than it was, and the white-seeded Comtesse de Chambord, a really excellent bean that everyone should grow. The stringless dwarf French bean called Granda, a recent introduction of Messrs. Carters, is a first-class variety with no faults, and the climbing variety named Bonne Bouche is another excellent bean of fine flavour and tenderness that deserves to be much more widely grown than it is. The common scarlet runner makes superlatively good haricots if the plants are left to run to seed and the fully ripened pods gathered and stored, and among the varieties of these I would put in a plea for the little-known and dwarf Princeps. This variety grows only about 3 ft. high, and if pinched out, much less, and consequently does not require the laborious staking like its gigantic cousins. Incidentally, it comes into bearing about a fortnight or so earlier than others—a great advantage in these days. Bijou is another of the same type which is also first-class and one or other, if once tried, is likely to find a permanent place in the seed order.

The Jersey bean, with its thick clusters of characteristic crescent-shaped pods, is another delicious dwarf bean that will appeal to the epicure, and the same can be said of the pea bean, the pods of which must be picked at the right stage, just when the peas can be felt in the pod but before they are too large. Then there are the pole beans, long listed in American catalogues but only now being featured in



THE DUAL PURPOSE SILVER OR SEAKALE BEET

one or two lists at home. In general appearance these are indistinguishable from climbing French beans and one or two of the varieties give perfectly delicious beans that can be cooked whole.

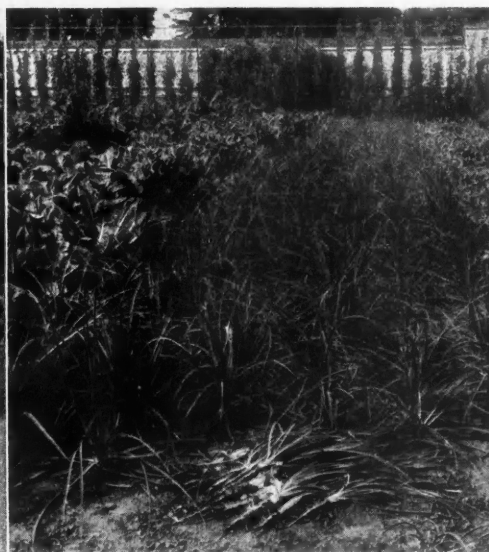
The unfortunate habit of judges in awarding prizes only to those vegetable marrows of the most enormous bulk has done much to discredit this vegetable in the eyes of the gourmet and encourage the development of size at the expense of other qualities. The best marrows are undoubtedly those bush or custard types such as White Custard, and those with custard blood in them like Table Dainty, a small dark green striped marrow of good flavour, and Rothsides Orange, to my mind the best of all, with fruits about half as large again as a grapefruit and with orange-coloured flesh.

Chicory is so easy to grow and to force and makes one of the best of all winter salads, that it is surprising it is not more often grown. The Witloof or Brussels chicory is the best for forming a solid heart and in taste almost as good raw as when cooked. Endive, so often confounded with chicory in restaurants, is another vegetable poorly represented in gardens, yet providing a fine salading in autumn and winter. The silver moss curled and the Batavian, with broad deep green leaves, are the two varieties to grow which will provide saladings from late September onwards throughout the winter.

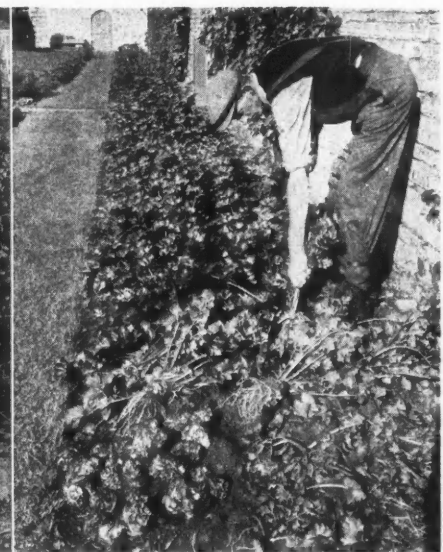
Those who do not know the turnip-rooted form of celery called celeriac will find it worth a trial. It can be grown on the flat and



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LIFTING A CROP OF TURNIP-ROOTED  
CELERY KNOWN AS CELERIAC

requires no earthing up, and makes a delightful dish. The venturesome might also try kohlrabi, which resembles a turnip above ground and is sometimes referred to as the turnip-rooted cabbage because of its flavour, which is reminiscent of each. More accommodating than cauliflower and more delicate in flavour, Calabrese, a green sprouting broccoli, is one of the aristocrats of the brassica tribe, which has only recently come to be appreciated in this country, although long appreciated in America. Its decorative cauliflower heads are delicious and the young side shoots, having a flavour of asparagus tips, no less so. Among other brassicas, the kales are not grown to the extent they deserve. No other vegetable provides such useful greenstuff throughout the winter, and such kinds as Hungry Gap, the Russian kale and asparagus kale are all desirable. The same can be said of the savoy cabbage and the coleworts as well as some of the brussels sprouts recently raised at Cambridge, especially the late variety known as Cambridge No. 5.

It is fairly safe to prophesy that cucumbers will be scarce this year and all gardeners will find a sowing of ridge or the apple cucumber well worth while. Despite their ungainly shapes, the ridge cucumbers make excellent eating if they are gathered before they pass their youth. Those who have never tried their hand with sweet corn will find this another crop worth growing. Only in recent years as more and more gardeners have become acquainted with it, has it been realised how easy it is to grow and how delicious when cooked. There are now many excellent varie-



#### THE BROAD-LEAVED BATAVIAN ENDIVE

A useful salading for autumn and winter easily raised from sowings made in late spring

ties which have the virtue of maturing early and of these Golden Bantam is one of the best, and the hybrid John Innes 2 another excellent sort. From a sowing under glass and planting out in May or from a sowing direct in the open in April fine cobs can be gathered by August and make a delicious dish if boiled for about a quarter of an hour and served hot, smeared over with a spot of butter or margarine, and salt and pepper.

Those to whom the rather soapy sweetness of parsnip does not appeal, might try salsafy, the vegetable oyster, or Hamburg parsley, which is not a parsley but a little known vegetable with roots about the size of a large carrot, which possess a distinctive milky flavour when

boiled and served with an appropriate sauce. All the spinaches and their substitutes are too good to overlook, especially the handsome dual purpose silver or seakale beet, whose handsome leaves provide both seakale and spinach, and the New Zealand spinach which flourishes in hot and dry seasons and on sandy soil where the summer spinach is inclined to run to seed. Resembling the seakale beet, in that the thick fleshy mid-ribs of its leaves can be served like seakale, there is some tronchuda, or the seakale cabbage, which is valuable for winter use.

A row or two of sugar beet is worth growing in these days for the sake of the syrup to be had from its white roots, which are ready for lifting about October. Though generally regarded as a farm crop, it deserves a place in the garden, where a couple of 20 ft. rows will provide some 50 lb. of roots, sufficient to yield a quart to half a gallon of syrup.

Another good root crop with which too few are acquainted is the Black Spanish radish, an excellent winter vegetable which if sown in July provides splendid roots that can be stored in sand throughout the winter.

In concluding this brief list, I would specially mention some of the onion tribe like the Welsh onion and the tree onion, both useful war-time crops, and the yellow tomatoes which are not grown so much as they should be. Yellow varieties like Golden Sunrise, or Golden Nugget or the newer Blood Orange will appeal to every epicure; as will the pinkish-fruited variety called Peach Blow, a delicious tomato that does not seem to be generally known. G. C. T.



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## NEW BOOKS

# JAPAN'S CHOICE: WAR OR REVOLUTION

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

WHEN a publisher gives us a book whose value depends on whether we can accept its facts, it would be helpful if something were told us about the author. This does not apply to all to a work of the imagination. Shelley is the man who wrote the *Ode to a Skylark*, and we need know no more than that. But here is a book called *Japan's Kampf*, by Jaya Deva (Gollancz, 6s.) and I don't know who Mr. Deva is, what his qualifications are for writing such a book, or even his nationality.

Is he a Professor of Economics? Has he lived in Japan? Does he read or speak the Japanese language? All these, and other such points, are in the mind, and the book's value depends on the answers to them. But there are no answers.

This is a pity, because, tedious as the book is to read, it is full of interesting matter. There are some books which read with a lilt and tell us nothing. Here is one which reads like a pain in the neck and tells us a lot. It is stuffed with jargon like "the dialectic of the socio-economic and political forces of the Western world," but all the same, if we have patience, we come to the end knowing a good deal about the Japanese menace, how it came into being and to what it tends.

### POOR JAPAN

The book gives us, to begin with, a picture of a poor land. Japan is one-and-a-half times the size of the United Kingdom, and has over 73 million people. "Consisting of four large and about 600 smaller islands, mountainous and volcanic, with only 15 per cent. of her total area cultivated and another 19 per cent. cultivable, she is the most densely populated nation in the world, the density of population per square mile of arable land being 2,774, compared with 2,170 in Britain, 1,709 in Belgium, 806 in Germany, and 229 in the United States."

This crowded population is growing. In October 1940 there were 3,860,000 more people in Japan than there were five years before, and the crowds tend, as elsewhere, to move into the large cities. The growth of population is encouraged by the authorities. In 1941 a "ten-year population plan" was launched advocating five-children families.

If the Japanese colonies are included, the population increase is 1,300,000 a year. "There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world. In twenty years' time the population of Japan would have reached 100 millions."

The rich are few and very rich indeed; the poor are near the starvation line. "One per cent. of all

landowners own one-fourth of all the land. Another 6 per cent. of them own another fourth, while the remaining half of the total land is left to the 93 per cent. of the landowners." Most of the big landowners lease their land to peasants who are over the eyes in debt and exist on salt-water eels "and are even known to eat the bark of trees."

Taxation falls unfairly. "It is calculated that 84.6 per cent. of the population owns less than 1,800 dollars worth of property, or have incomes of less than 1,500 dollars, but contribute 57 per cent. of the national revenue in excise duties and direct taxes."

Many women, and children under sixteen years of age, work from twelve to fourteen hours a day in the industrial towns, where the daily average wages for men are 1.96 yen and for women .73 yen. (The *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* gives the value of the yen as "about two shillings.")

### THE RICH UNRESTRAINED

As Mr. Deva sees it, a revolutionary upheaval was struggling to existence in consequence of these conditions, but it never had enough vitality to prevent the rich and influential men of the country from twisting it to a warlike alternative. Internal revolution or foreign war: those, he thinks, were Japan's choices, and the governors of the nation chose war, sanctified with all the modern concomitants of "mission," "destiny," and what not.

The cost of this is immense. "In 1934 the percentages of military expenditure in the total national budgets were: Britain 16.4, Germany 17.7, U.S.A. 17.9, Italy 20.8, France 22.3, while Japan had 43.7. Since then over 26,000 million yen have been expropriated by the Japanese army and navy alone. For 1940-1 the military expenditure, added to most of the new capital issues which went to finance war industries, amounted to 37 per cent. of the total national income of Japan."

The people realise how immense already has been Japan's expansion since the Formosa Expedition of 1874. "An island with an area of 380,000 square kilometres and a population of 31 millions has to-day become an empire with an area of 2,500,000 square kilometres and a population of 180 millions. In the last seventy years the area of the Island Empire has increased by 565 per cent. and the population by 500 per cent."

Mr. Deva has much to say about the "Tanaka Memorial," a document drawn up by General Tanaka and presented to the Emperor in 1927. It is a blue-print for world conquest. Here is a brief extract: "Having all China's resources at our disposition, we will proceed to conquer India,

### JAPAN'S KAMPF

By Jaya Deva

(Gollancz, 6s.)

### HITLER'S REICH AND CHURCHILL'S BRITAIN

By Stephen Laird and Walter Graebner

(Batsford, 6s.)

### SPURS ON THE BOOT

By Thomas B. Morgan

(Harrap, 9s.)

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Mr. Deva certainly has exhumed enough facts and figures to make us think many a long day.

#### GERMANY AND ITALY

So much for Japan. This week we have also some more light on Germany and Italy in *Hitler's Reich* and *Churchill's Britain*, by Stephen Laird and Walter Graebner (Batsford, 6s.), and *Spurs on the Boot*, by Thomas Morgan (Harrap, 9s.).

Messrs. Laird and Graebner were correspondents of the American magazine *Time*, stationed respectively in Berlin and London. Mr. Laird came over from Berlin to London last June. He and Mr. Graebner then had a series of conversations in which life in the two countries was discussed. A short-hand note of the conversations is the present book.

Mr. Laird said some interesting things about British air raids on Germany. We have all been given to understand that Hamburg is practically non-existent. This is Mr. Laird's testimony: "I visited Hamburg the first week in June this summer and drove for three miles along the water front without seeing a single bomb-hit. However, I didn't go across the bridge to the island dock installations. And in the business centre around the Alster Lake and around the main railroad station, the British had hit about every fourth building with light-calibre bombs. Within an area of ten blocks of this central sector, most windows had been smashed and shingles had been pulled off the roofs of many of the houses."

Questioned by Mr. Graebner about the "large fires" mentioned in R.A.F. reports, Mr. Laird said: "Many of these are dummy fires set up by the Germans in their fake installations. . . They have constructed even a phoney Berlin, made of painted packing boxes and netting, and with false streets, monuments, factories, railways. It's about five minutes' flying time from Berlin in the Hamburg direction. Now, when an R.A.F. pilot comes home and reports that he has destroyed the Schlessischer Bahnhof in Berlin, as one did, what he has probably hit is a dummy set up by the Germans in the phoney Berlin."

Mr. Laird added: "The Americans and other neutral observers in Berlin thought that the R.A.F. reports of bombing damage were very inaccurate and very exaggerated. On the other hand, neutrals in Berlin, came to believe, almost to the inch, the German army's positional reports on fighting. . . However, that was before Hitler began to edit the communiques from Russia. The Navy's reports are divided by two. The Luftwaffe reports are just not believed at all."

Mr. Laird found that the profits of "big business" in Germany were greater than ever. Asked if Hitler approved of this, he said: "Hitler has always been an admirer of great wealth. He has never wanted to be the leader of the frustrated middle classes."

Hitler, he added, had almost completely lost political touch with his people. "For instance, he has no idea how deep and universal is the desire for peace in Germany right now."

Ever since the British failed to sign a peace after Dunkirk," (Mr.

Laird again), "or during the big blitz, Germany has been progressively farther away from victory, providing Britain continues all-out opposition to Fascism and America loses her complacent 'business as usual' attitude and directs her whole efforts towards the destruction of Hitler. That, of course, means an American declaration of war."

Mr. Laird was told "by sources very close to Hitler," that Hitler expected to overcome Russia in three weeks. The German army chiefs thought it would take three months. Mr. Laird is in no doubt about where he himself stands. "I want to crush or suffocate Hitler. . . If Hitler gets the world I don't want to live in it."

Mr. Morgan's book is most interesting as a personal portrait of Mussolini and his family by a man to whom the dictator appears to have allowed considerable liberties.

Mr. Morgan, another American reporter, was admitted to a personal intimacy, was asked to family gatherings, and wrote the articles for the American Press which appeared under Mussolini's name.

He reveals such interesting details as that Mussolini and his wife were not married till the dictator seized power, when marriage became politically desirable; that Mussolini's daughter Edda, Ciano's wife, is a love-child whose mother was not the mother of the boys Bruno and Vittorio, and that these two are of an "adenoidal lethargy."

We are told also of the two women, neither of them Mussolini's wife, and both Jewesses, who had a decisive part in his emotional and philosophic education; and we learn of his care, on becoming head of a state, to learn how to handle knives and forks at a public banquet.

Mr. Morgan is not without naivety. "I was often present with King Victor at the annual army manoeuvres. It was impressive to note how deferential all the generals were to him." I should have thought it would be impressive if generals at manoeuvres were not deferential to the head of the army.

Through the personal picture of Mussolini goes a picture of the Italian state. "There was much corruption in Italy before Fascism; there was much more during Fascism."

Mr. Morgan sums up Mussolini's career as a "betrayal of men and principles, of systems and theories, of dreams and ideals." It is unlikely that Mussolini will ever again have power in Italy; but, in the unlikely event of his resurgence, it is to be hoped that his candid American friend will have booked his passage for a distant shore.

#### THE FALL OF FRANCE

HERR Leo Lania has given us a dramatic and vivid description of the muddle and graft that betrayed France. But *The Darkest Hour* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) has greater significance by virtue of its author's searching insight into that cherished talisman of France—*le morale*. *Le morale* would save France. The French people were neither cowards nor defeatists, but we must call their leaders idle fools if we do not brand them traitors, because they abandoned *le morale* to a state of bewildered ignorance. Propaganda was criminally disregarded.

Leo Lania and his comrades were friends of France, whose genius and skill were vital to her cause. His account of how the bureaucratic, political France repaid her friends with concentration camps makes harrowing and tragic reading.

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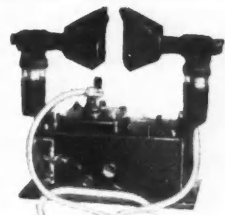
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  - ★ On the left the coat is flecked blue and brown tweed with semi-raglan sleeves.
  - ★ The beltless coat has a set-in sleeve, is navy and white herring-bone tweed.
- Both from Marshall and Snelgrove.



DENES

Joyce still holds stocks of walking shoes with crêpe rubber soles, but they are the last of their line. This one is called Jaunt-ees, reversed calf in wine with a blue wedge and a rounded built-up toe. It can be obtained from Harvey Nichols.



THE silhouette is changing, almost imperceptibly, but there is definitely a new look about the suits and coats I have seen in the first collections. The waistline has been dropped slightly, and while none of the dressmakers can afford to put a vast amount of material into unpressed pleats and gathers, there is still a feeling of fullness above the waist. Suit jackets look as though pinched in at the waist. There is a soft-shouldered look, a widening of the armhole. Revers are decidedly longer and the closely-buttoned-up effect is vanishing. Shirts began to open at the neck last summer, when a tiny portion at the base of the throat emerged from a lengthy seclusion. There are still a great number of shirts with round, turn-down stiffened collars, but they are not left with all the honours this spring.

Hardy Amies shows suits with a one-link fastening at the waist or with three buttons placed closely together immediately above the waistline. Revers are deep, armholes wide, though the sloppy dolman sleeve is no more. There is padding on the shoulders but no jutting edges; everything is rounded. Waists are nipped in by darts, tucks, gathers set above a belt. Pin-striped men's suiting in greys and dark browns, herring-bone tweeds in sparrow browns and greys, flannels in greys—dark clerical grey and a paler shade—and a blue that is brighter than navy, are the materials and colours used. Shirts in chalk-white rayons, ridged like a piqué or honeycombed like a huckaback towel, were outstanding. Two herring-bone suits in two shades of Shetland brown, and in two weights, showed the new jacket line with the waist defined by darts and a slightly top-heavy effect achieved on the shoulders by armhole padding and tailored folds below. One had a box-pleated shirt, the hem and each pleat piped with the selvedge of the tweed. The other had a gored skirt and a jacket with big flat pockets. Two tops go with a plaid suit, one in the suiting that turns the outfit into a dress and a jacket, the other a white rayon shirt under a grass-green sweater. A useful long navy coat, half-belted at the back, had four buttons, inconspicuous slit pockets, was worn over a navy dress with white piqué at the throat. A couple of simple afternoon dresses were in matt moss crêpe. The black one was bordered at the throat and had sleeves with the shining side of the material, tucked into a narrow edging that looks like a rucked Victorian crêpe trimming. It could not have been more soot black or smarter. The navy was double-breasted like a shirt, and fastened with round, navy paillette buttons.

JN Jacqmar's new collection of woollens for the home market is a range in sets of four—a check for coats, and three matching plains, one for a suit, another in a twisted weave for a dress, and a gauze for a blouse. All four are very soft to handle. The checks have a

knobbly surface, are dark grey, checked in two tones of hyacinth blue, salmon pink or straw. The suit-weight, a basket weave, is dark grey tinged with pink, blue or yellow, the two lightweight plains are in the pastel. Plain, smooth-surfaced woollens in blazer colours—tangerine, emerald, geranium reds and royal blue—are for tailored dresses and have accompanying checks for waistcoats or jackets. They will certainly brighten the spring landscape. Dress woollens include duster checks, herring-bones in a bright pastel and black with a coat-weight in the same pattern but with a curly surface. Numbers of tweeds with a loose hair in the weave, many of them flecked, come in bright clear pastels. Superfine woollens for scarves are printed with conversation pieces. A rayon with a





## Hostess Gowns

This lovely gown in heavy crepe and taffeta was designed by ourselves. In orchid/deep petunia; navy/lime green; teal green/pimento; hyacinth/petunia. Hips: 34; 36; 38.

**9½ gns**

(7 Coupons)

Dressing Gown Dept. - - 3rd Floor



## Model Dresses

Fine wool dress with yoke and sleeves closely trimmed with beads dyed to tone. In black, nigger, powder blue, wine or green. Hips: 38; 40; 42; 44.

**14½ gns**

(11 Coupons)

Model Gowns - - 1st Floor

# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



## Jumper Suits

The skirt of this wool crepe suit is pleated back and front giving slim line at sides. In black, navy, powder blue, wine, grey or amber. Hips: 35 and 37.

**10½ gns**

(14 Coupons)

Small Sizes - - - 1st Floor



## Spring Suits

A suit for Country wear in black and white herringbone tweed. Hips: 36; 38; 40.

**9½ gns**

(18 Coupons)

Coat and Skirt Dept. - - 1st Floor



berets are worn straight, well back so that they make a halo, are attached to a grosgrain headband. Sometimes these are in felt and sometimes in Viyella or taffeta matching the shirt, sometimes in tweed matching the suit. The newest pastel is undoubtedly the lovely soft grey green, called "Shadow," which Erik is combining with geranium pink. Then there is a golden beige that is good with almost anything.

Pissot and Pavy are also making large felts—Bretons in nigger and navy with white grosgrain ribbons tied round tiny crowns. These are very smart with tailor-mades or tailored prints later on. Tiny flower toques are attached to trellis caps of grosgrain, are charming for a bride or maid of honour. A becoming hat for an older woman is a large, squashy felt beret with fronds of ostrich over the ears. Posies of flowers are attached to the elastic that moors tiny sailors on to the head so that they slide along and can be worn wherever they will be most becoming. A good country felt has a brim that pulls down well over the forehead and is attached to a skull cap of felt that keeps it on firmly at the back.

Amusing accessories noted in London include gaiters in suede made by Leathercraft, exactly like the Army's. These match jerkins, and you tuck your slacks into them. Miss Foster of Ships shows jewelled buttons, bog oak buttons, buttons like bright seals, tiny figures, on shirt blouses, any bright colour, in tucked crêpe or chiffon or muslin.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

Knitted jerkins over brightly contrasting shirts are a big war fashion. The cashmere jerkin from Lillywhites is navy, the shirt scarlet with stitched collar. The plaid skirt is blues and red. Garden chair from Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops.

## Accent of Spring

crinkled surface, absolutely matt and very supple, replaces pure silks admirably, and is made in a large range of plain colours. Prints are amusing: one of the crinkled crêpes has a design of pairs of Staffordshire china dogs, white and golden with black chains and collars and fatuous expressions; a crêpe shows rows of rabbits, cockerels, pigs and turkey cocks in a chalky pink, pale sky blue, straw colour or pale green on dark grounds. Sea shells, sea flowers and fishes are traced in another. Then there is one called the "Clipper," aeroplanes, passengers, tickets, etc., outlined on white on bright pastel grounds, and one, quoting Mr. Pepys, called "And So to Bed," printed with warming pans, nightcaps, candles, punch bowls and slippers. A charming floral was etched with posies of lilies of the valley tied with ribbons, like a stiff, formal chintz design. Fire-fighters were printed on gossamer wools or marocain—bright figures and stirrup pumps on darkish grounds. The newest addition to the war slogan scarves carries Nelson's famous signal that completely covers the ground in letters and in the code flags. Fine wool scarves with a self stripe of drawn thread are embroidered with the insignia of the Allies. The Hammer and Sickle is especially effective.

**S**PRING hats are in abundance. Erik is showing oval felts in all the pastels with gutter brims—that is a sharp turn-up of an inch or more at the edge. These hats are worn pulled well forward and straight on the head and are quite large. Smaller felts have ribbons laid on the top of the crown to make a gutter top. Youthful-looking

DENES

Hand-knitted grey golf socks for children are smart with a top in a fancy stitch in brightly mixed pastels. Below we show a ribbed sock in Patons and Baldwins 4-ply Non-Shrink Sock Wool, with suggested designs for the tops—one striped, one in a honeycomb stitch and one in a Fair Isle design. Instructions for knitting these socks and the three tops will be sent on receipt of 6d. to cover cost and postage, to the Fashion Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 10, Tavistock Street, London, W.C.2.



The suit on the right is knitted but looks like tweed. It is golden yellow striped with a dark brown. The jacket has chevroned pockets and moulds the waistline; the skirt is box-pleated in the front and back. With it goes a jersey cap in gold colour, ridged like a corduroy. Frederick Gorrings.





# GORRINGES

## Jersey Tweed Suits



### "Avingdon"

A practical choice for Spring—Well tailored suit in a broken check jersey tweed. Clear three-toned colour combinations of Natural|Blue|Wine; Natural|Petrol|Tan; Grey|Dark Turquoise|Wine; Natural|Bottle|Wine; Grey|Moss Green|Navy. Also Grey|Black, Natural|Brown, but please give second choice.

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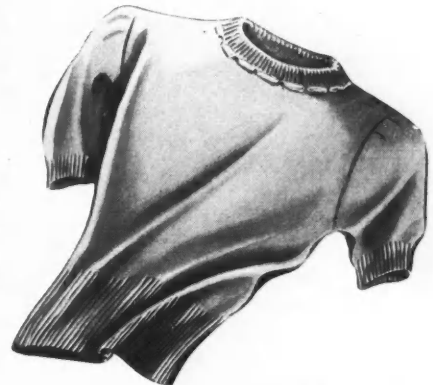
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# WILD LIFE ON THE MARSHES

By RICHARD PERRY

IT is my life and livelihood to study the habits of wild creatures, especially birds, from day to day, year in, year out. Such a study is but one aspect of the enquiry into the nature of all life, which also includes man. To this end I live, and work, with farmers and shepherds and stockmen, onshore fishermen and rod-fishers, keepers and wild-fowlers. My work takes me to unordinary places—to the windmills and grazing fat-cattle of endless Norfolk fresh marshes, with only an occasional farm and its apple-trees to break the flat monotony over thousands of acres: peering herons long-shanked on every gate.

A grassy-banked sea-wall keeps back the sea from the valuable grazing of the fresh marshes. Behind this, the shoulder gunner waits patiently at dusk to bag the little Teal duck fighting over from the salt-marshes beyond, to his night's guzzling in the dykes of the marshes. Truth to tell, unwary curlew or sportive plover is often all his bag, or after the full moon, when it can see to spear its fish for a goodly part of the night, fat heron.

A myriad tidal creeks fret the salt-marshes into a jig-saw. Here the cockle merchant rakes his cockle-lays. If he finds them blushing chestnut then indeed the cockles of his heart are warmed, but if they be a sickly white he curses the orange-billed oyster-catchers ("sea-pies" he calls them) which have been before him and littered his lay with empty shells. Those which are chestnut squeak thinly, expelling little jets of water, when we hook them out of their oozy lairs. In the broader creeks the mussel men are for ever, like gold prospectors, washing for the young mussels that they grow to succulent maturity on the black banks of mud edging the creeks.

Down the twisting creek to the sea the whelk-fisher chugs to his whelking banks. The whelks would ordinarily be sent to the North Sea fishermen for cod-bait, but during the war the whelk fishermen grow fat on the profits of their catch; out of which, as out of many strange products, munitions are made. Down this creek, too, we row with the tide, a little

before summer sunset, to a night's netting of salmon-trout on the sands and gravels of the sea-shore, where they come to rid themselves of irritant sea-lice. When night falls our oars drip showers of golden phosphorus, our wake is a trail of golden sparks, and the silver trout leaping in the net glimmer blue. We row back with the tide at dawn when the first blackbirds are fluting in the orchards.

Beyond the southernwood and sea purslane of the salt-marshes are vast tidal mud-flats over which the tide flows and ebbs twice, and in some places four times, in every twenty-four hours. Off Northumberland these dreary windswept flats, beloved of a thousand long-legged wading birds and duck and geese, are known as slakes. To these I have gone out on bitter mornings to scoop mussels for bait with the fishermen. In some places the mud is so soft that the scooper, sinking to his thighs in one spot, pushes his trays of mussels backwards and forwards to his companions in the boat. The only satisfactory method of unearthing the mussels is to scoop them from the mud and water with bare fingers—on a grey winter dawn with that terrible north wind sweeping across the open slakes: and sometimes there are fishermen's daughters with us.

No other men but wild-fowlers go out to these slakes. Punt-gunners glide with the flowing tide over the mud in their long grey punts: creeping with infinite caution up to the golden-crested Wigeon duck or little black Brent geese, that have lighted in from the safe waters of the great bay to feed on the green zoster grass that covers the flats with its waving fronds. Shoulder gunners, cramped in their coffin-boxes sunk in the mud, await the green-headed Mallard duck fighting in at dawn from the fields and ponds and ditches where they have been guzzling in the slushy grass all night.

Before dawn we go out to sea ten or twelve miles, beyond which the onshore fisherman ventures not, for no longer do the big herring boats sail out twenty-five or thirty miles for their catch. They rot in the harbour ooze. This is the gulls' way and the stormy home of small

divers: broad-billed razor-bill and dagger-billed guillemots, coral-billed puffin and Little auks no bigger than thrushes. I never knew what cold was until I went out to sea on winter mornings. On the islands and reefs out at sea a million sea-birds nest in the summer; divers and cormorants and terns and gulls; there in the early winter the great grey seal mates and suckles its young.

Across the Cheviots on the Solway Firth is my Valhalla of wild duck and six kinds of wild geese, black and grey, which winter there: especially the yelping Pinkfeet geese bathing in the tide over the endless sands of Solway, guzzling in the pasture and oat-fields of the farmer. A country of limitless mud-flats and saltings and meres where sickle-billed curlew and little waders nest, where monster salmon run up the rivers with the spring tides and are poached in the shallows, and monster pike gorge for a quarter of a century in cold loughs in the green mountains and weeping mists of Galloway.

And away up the west coast to the magical Hebrides, where eagles and ptarmigan, wading divers, Mountain hares and shy Red deer surprise me shepherding in the mountains. Like Northumberland, it is the land of the beautiful crooning Eider duck.

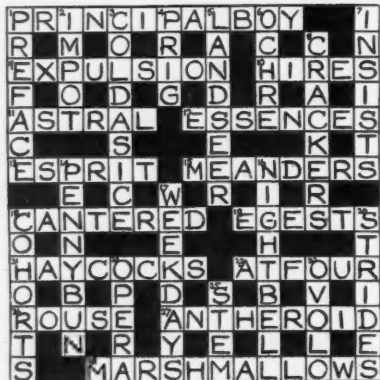
And south again to red Devon by the sea, to the fresh marshes and sandy wastes, where strange birds call in spring and autumn, on their way north and south from winter feeding grounds in southern Europe and Africa to nesting territories in the British Isles and in the high north, even to the Arctic Circle.

Always with me are the volatile small birds of town and village and countryside: of especial interest because of their beautiful songs and plumages.

It is a varied tale this of birds and beasts and English country as I see it, and have seen it for some years, in my vagabond life. At some time in his life every man seeks the country. It is our supreme heritage. Its swiftly-diminishing beauty is unique. But to appreciate it at its true worth, it is necessary to know it and to understand it.

## SOLUTION to No. 630

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 20, will be announced next week.



The winner of Crossword No. 629 is Mr. George B. Hunter, 100, East Claremont Street, Edinburgh.

### ACROSS.

1. "Daffodils, That come before the swallow dares, and take — — — with beauty." —Shakespeare (four words, 3, 5, 2, 5)
9. Shelley's songster fooling about (7)
10. Colouring with metallic repetition (7)
11. Avows (4)
12. Start at five and come round for a dip (5)
13. She is an English one of 8 (4)
16. Qualifies him who has a will of his own (7)
17. Takes half a dozen sides at once! (7)
18. "Pet roan" (anagr.) (7)

## CROSSWORD No. 631

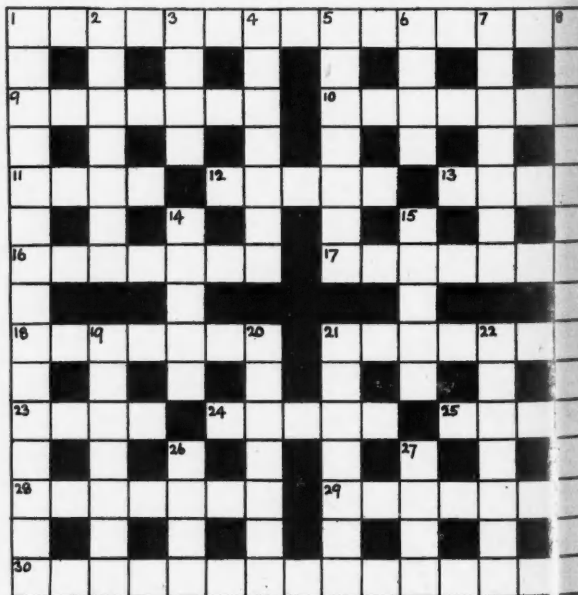
21. Crammed with paper for salvage or Falstaff's drink to the brim? (7)
23. Nothing gets between me and a hasty thank you (4)
24. Delightful metamorphosis of 1's month (5)
25. 13, but is said to equal a mile (4)
28. Characteristic of an island race (7)
29. Prophet who mentions soap (7)
30. The Captain gets the first, the Sergeant the second, and both fly beside the Union Jack (three words, 5, 3, 7)

### DOWN.

1. Well-known story of London, Paris and Carton (four words, 4, 2, 3, 6)
2. Go astray with conjunctions (7)
3. More flowery than 30's flag (4)
4. Drag the wrong way in a Cheshire river (7)
5. Concerns itself with capital burial only? (7)
6. It was a kingdom to Dyer (4)
7. Ring in a mackintosh time! (7)
8. No Sassenach girls need apply! (two words, 8, 7)
14. Father and his friend have Vatican connections (5)
15. Would it not be precise to extort a past performance? (5)
19. More than half the spasm takes place in Asia (7)
20. Topical Persian city (7)
21. "Ships, Mr.?" (anagr.) (7)
22. Not a blond policeman, but the just arrest he makes! (two words, 4, 3)
26. Charity by a railway line? (4)
27. Stigma (4)

A prize, to the value of two guineas, of books published by COUNTRY LIFE will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 631, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on Thursday, March 5, 1942.

### "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 631



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